

**ONE OF THESE MEN** IS THE **WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE**,  
WAGING A RELENTLESS WAR ON CRIME IN GOTHAM CITY.  
**THE OTHER** IS A **BLACK-OPS SOLDIER** WILLING TO DO  
WHATEVER IT TAKES TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION.



**ONE** HOLDS LIFE SACRED ABOVE ALL ELSE,  
WHILE **THE OTHER** WOULDN'T HESITATE TO  
TAKE A LIFE IF THE JOB CALLED FOR IT.

So what happens when these two enigmas cross paths?  
We'll never know ... because one of them has been dead for ten years.

On the trail of a dangerous pyrokinetic, Batman pieces together a web of intrigue and murder that spans an entire decade. The key to it all is government killer Michael Cray, code-named "Deathblow." How will the Dark Knight Detective be able to solve this deadly mystery when the missing link has been gone for so long?

**BATMAN/DEATHBLOW: AFTER THE FIRE** is the first collaboration between **Brian Azzarello (100 BULLETS)** and **Lee Bermejo (BATMAN: NOEL)**, the critically acclaimed creative team behind the *New York Times* best-selling **JOKER** graphic novel. This new edition features sketches and bonus material from artist Bermejo .

[dccomics.com](http://dccomics.com)

From the creative team behind the *New York Times* best-selling JOKER



DC  
COMICS™

# BATMAN™ DEATHBLOW™

AFTER THE FIRE



BRIAN  
AZZARELLO

LEE  
BERMEJO

TIM  
BRADSTREET





# BATMAN

# DEATHBLOW

## AFTER THE FIRE



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**BATMAN** CREATED BY **BOB KANE**

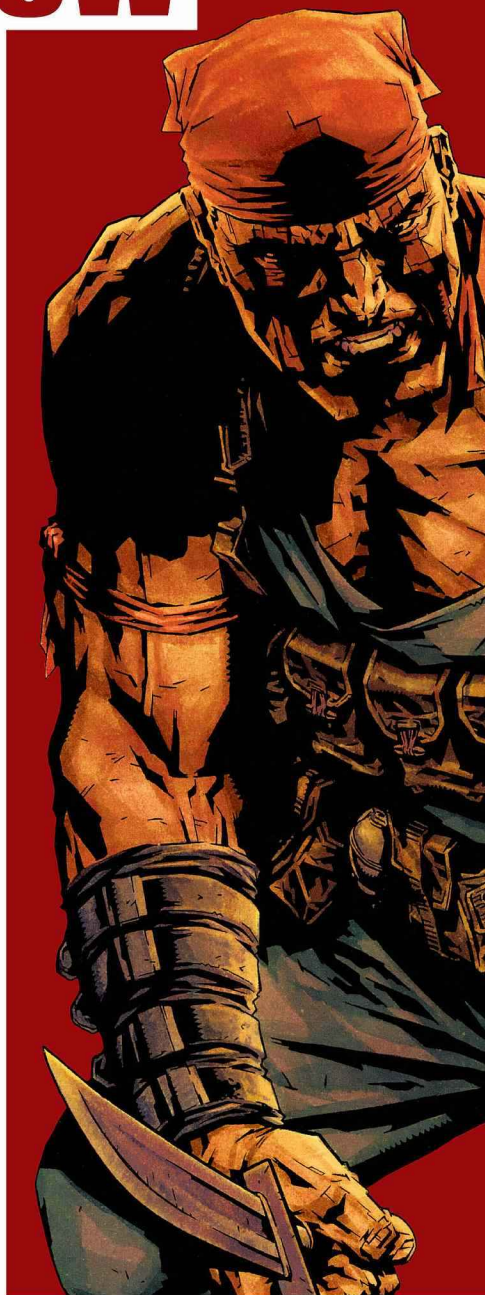
**DEATHBLOW** CREATED BY  
**JIM LEE** AND **BRANDON CHOI**



# BATMAN

# DEATHBLOW

AFTER THE FIRE



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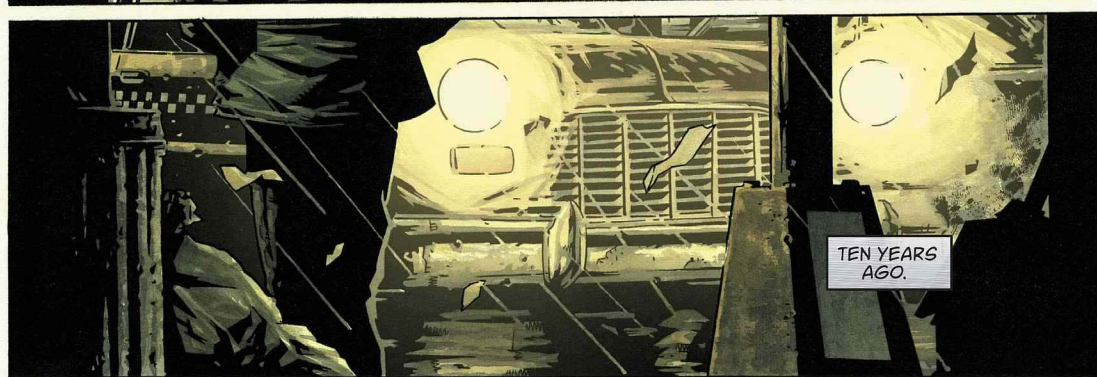
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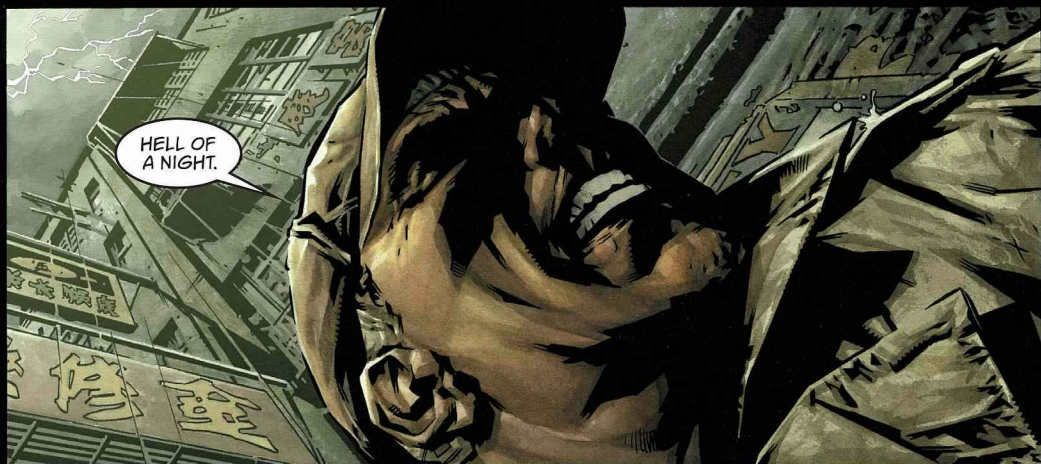












HELL OF  
A NIGHT.



HOW YOU  
HOLDIN'  
UP?

I'M  
BORED,  
AN' I'M WET.  
YOU?



BORED  
TOO.

AT  
LEAST  
YOU'RE  
DRY.



DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
MENTION THAT.  
JUS' MAKE YOU  
FEEL WETTER,  
RIGHT?



RIGHT. AN'  
BY THE WAY, I DON'  
FEEL GOOD ABOUT  
THIS AT ALL.



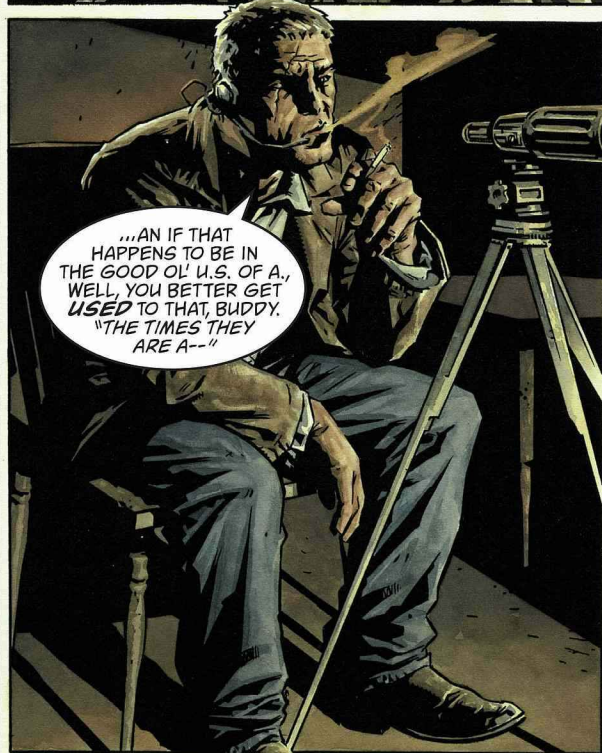






I'M SERIOUS.  
WE'RE SOLDIERS, CORRECT?  
THIS SEEMS LIKE A CASE FOR  
THE LOCALS--MAYBE EVEN  
F.B.I.--

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF,  
MICHAEL. WE'RE **SOLDIERS**.  
**WE** GO WHERE WE'RE TOLD  
TO, AN' **WE** GET THE JOB  
DONE,,,



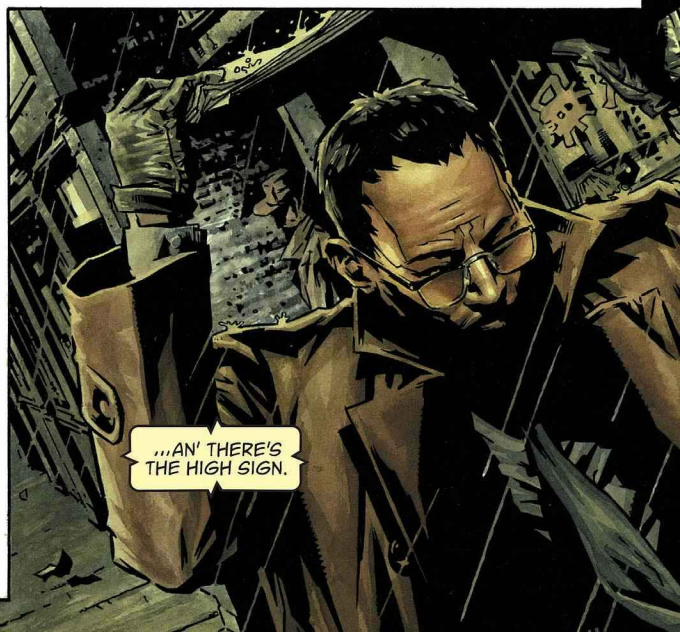
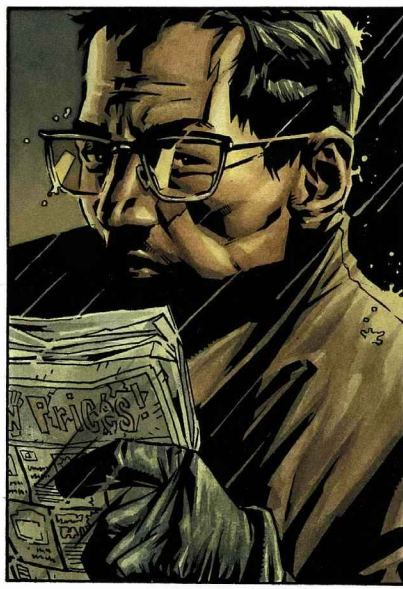
...AN IF THAT  
HAPPENS TO BE IN  
THE GOOD OL' U.S. OF A.,  
WELL, YOU BETTER GET  
**USED** TO THAT, BUDDY.  
"THE TIMES THEY  
ARE A--"



--HOLD UP.











GAME  
ON.



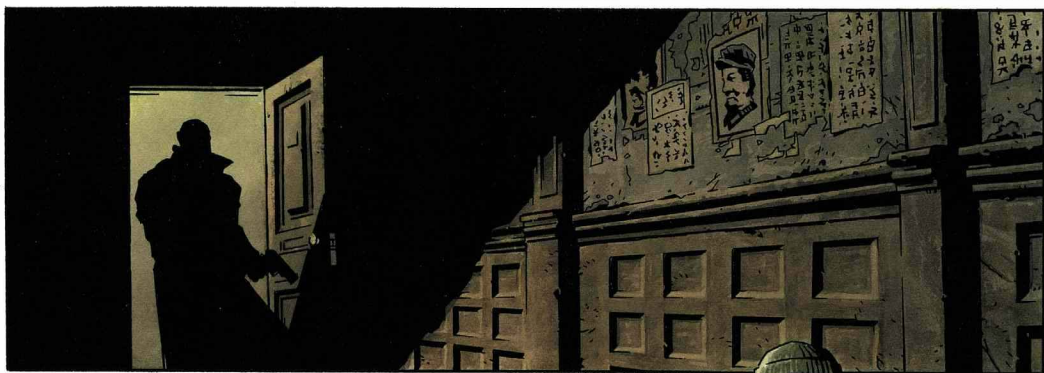
GOOD LUCK,  
DEATHBLOW.

THANKS.



OXYMORON.

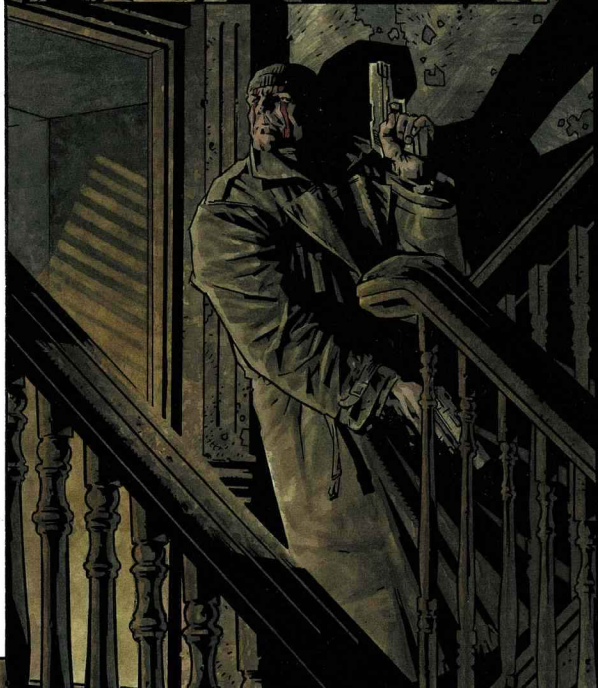
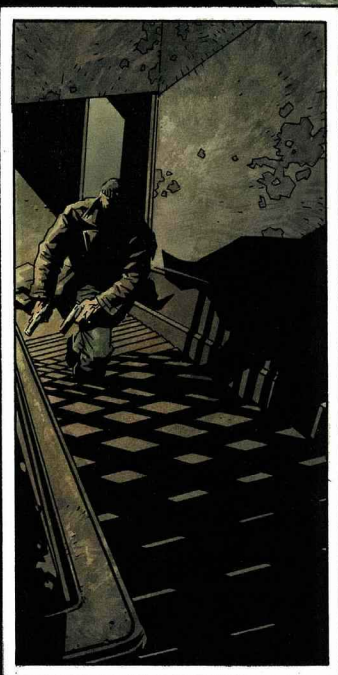








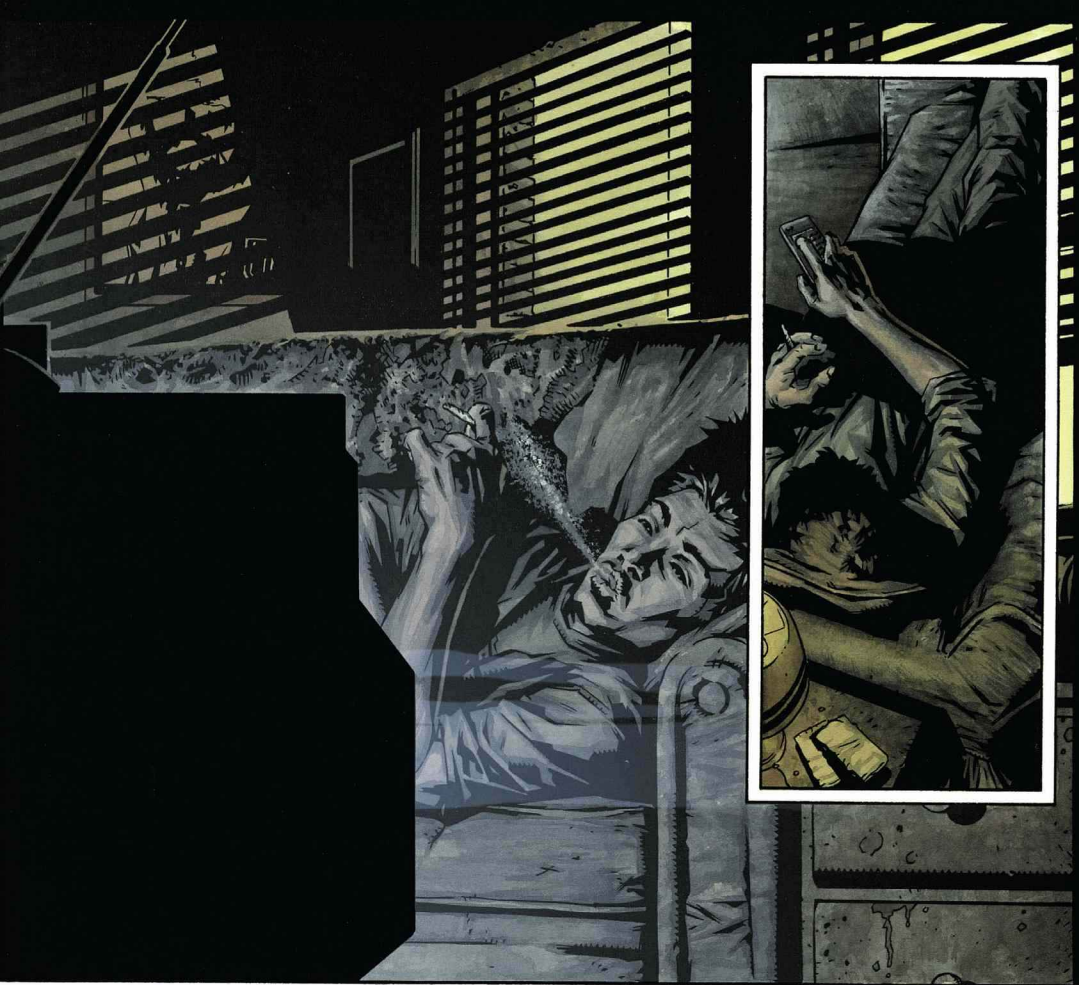








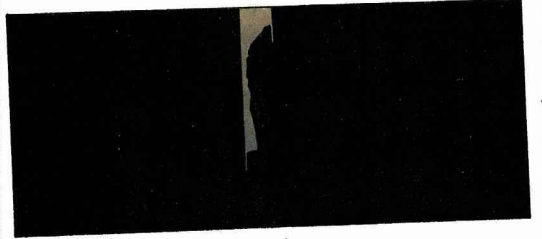
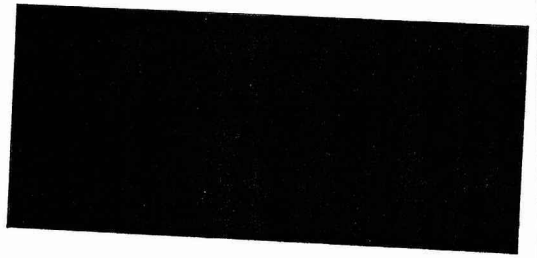




BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM









GOTHAM CITY.

FIVE MINUTES  
FROM NOW.

--UNTIL THE  
KNIGHTS ARE ABLE  
TO MUSTER UP SOME  
KIND OF RUNNING GAME,  
ALL THE JAWIN' ABOUT  
A DIVISION TITLE IS  
NOTHIN' BUT  
SMACK--

CLICK

--REALLY?  
THAT'S INTEREST-  
ING. I MEAN, FOR  
A WOMAN BUILT--

CLICK

--CITY  
COUNCIL  
HAS GOT  
TO--

CLICK

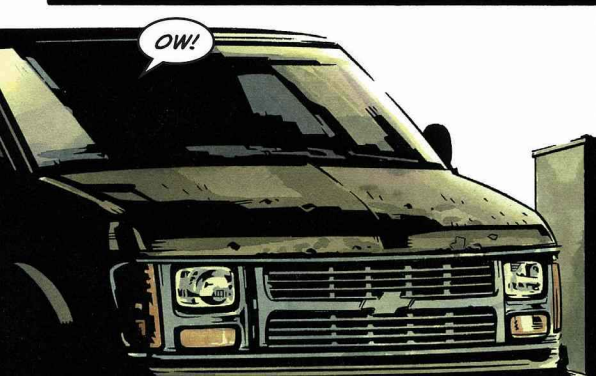
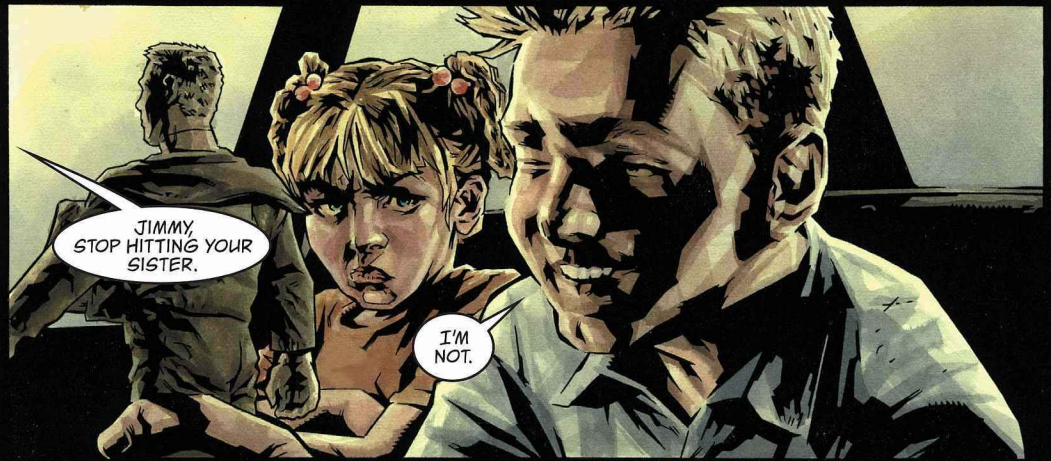
--DROUGHT  
CONDITIONS CONTINUE  
IN GOTHAM, AS WE'RE FAST  
APPROACHING THE RECORD  
SET WAY BACK IN--

CLICK

--FIRE!  
I BRING YOU  
TO BURN!

FIRE!














...RESULTS.  
THAT'S WHAT IT  
BOILS DOWN TO,  
AND DON'T LET  
ANYBODY TELL  
YOU OTHER-  
WISE.



THAT  
WHAT THEY  
TAUGHT YOU  
IN *I.O.*,  
SCOTT?

NO, THAT'S  
WHAT I LEARNED  
THE HARD WAY AFTER  
I MADE DEPUTY  
DIRECTOR. *I.O.*, *F.B.I.*,  
*C.I.A.*, *X.Y.Z.*--WE'RE  
ALL FIGHTING OVER  
THE SAME  
PIE.



THAT  
WOULD BE  
*APPLE PIE*,  
RIGHT?

**BRUCE!**

NOT  
EXACTLY. MOM, *APPLE PIE*--  
THEORETICALLY THAT'S WHAT WE'RE  
FIGHTING FOR. AND THAT, MY FRIEND,  
TAKES *MONEY*. BUT IF YOU'RE NOT  
PRODUCING, YOU DON'T GET  
THE *FUNDING*.



UNLESS  
YOU'RE  
CREATIVE.





SPOKEN  
LIKE A TRUE SPOOK,  
CARLA.

I'LL GIVE YOU AND YOUR  
C.I.A. CRONIES CREDIT: YOU ALWAYS  
COME UP WITH *INVENTIVE* WAYS TO  
CREATE A CASH FLOW.

I THOUGHT  
WE WERE DISCUSSING  
APPLE PIE, NOT SOUR  
GRAPES.

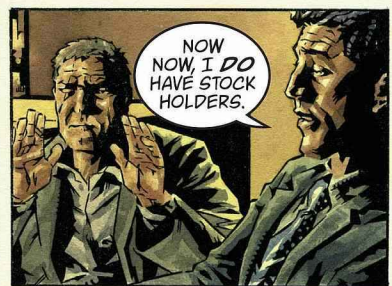


IS IT  
TIME FOR  
DESSERT  
ALREADY?



LOOK, ALL  
I'M SAYING IS  
THAT WE ALL  
SHOULD BE  
HELD ACCOUNT-  
ABLE AT THE  
END OF THE  
DAY.

WELL,  
EVERYONE  
*EXCEPT*  
FOR BRUCE  
HERE.



NOW  
NOW, I *DO*  
HAVE STOCK  
HOLDERS.



YEAH, AND  
YOU MAKE SURE  
THEY GO TO BED  
HAPPY.

HAPPINESS? I  
DON'T KNOW IF I'M  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THAT AS MUCH AS  
THEIR...



...SECURITY.





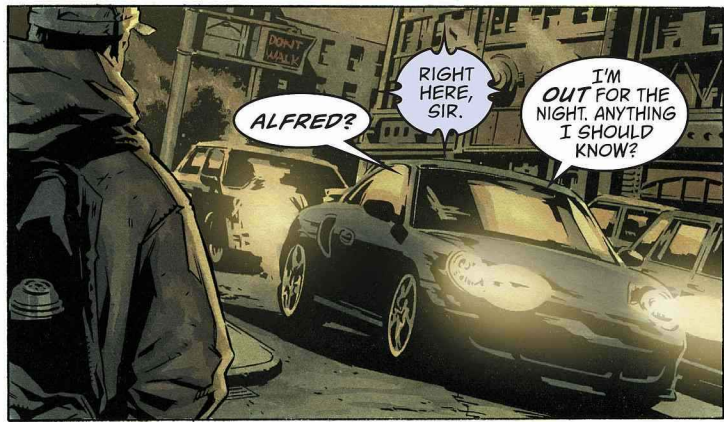








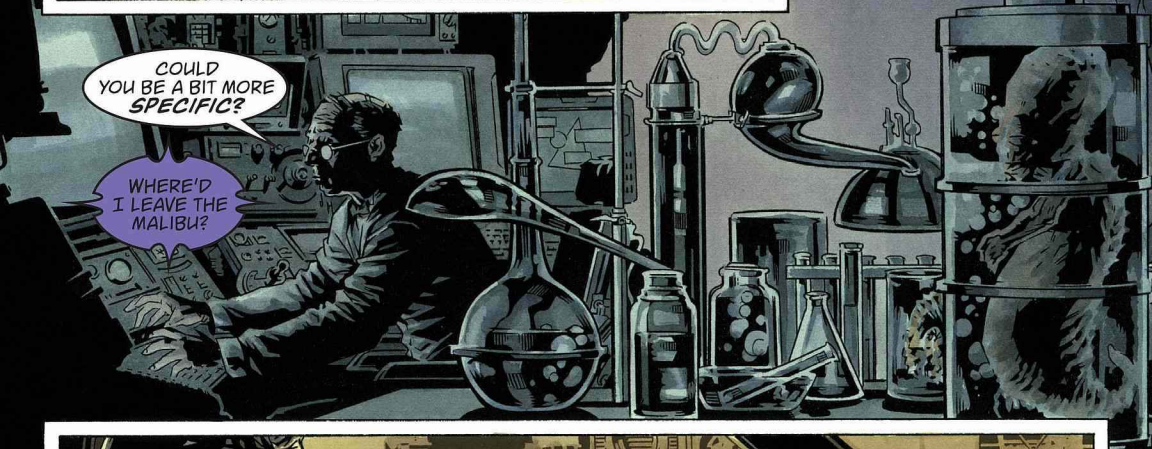




ALFRED?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
SIR.

I'M  
**OUT** FOR THE  
NIGHT. ANYTHING  
I SHOULD  
KNOW?



COULD  
YOU BE A BIT MORE  
**SPECIFIC?**

WHERE'D  
I LEAVE THE  
MALIBU?



WHICH  
ONE?



THE  
**BLUE**  
ONE.

LET'S SEE...  
PARKING GARAGE,  
THIRTY-ONE WEST  
RANDOLPH.

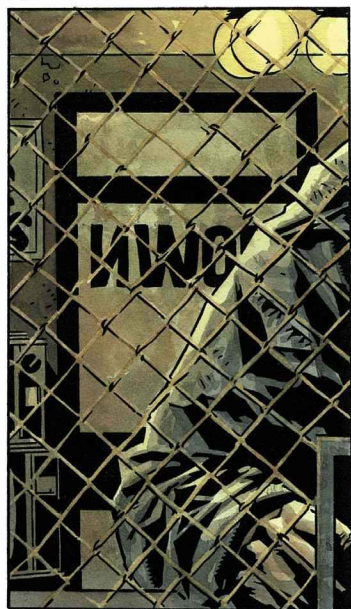
LEVEL  
SIX.

GOT  
IT.



SPACE  
TWO FORTY-  
SEVEN.





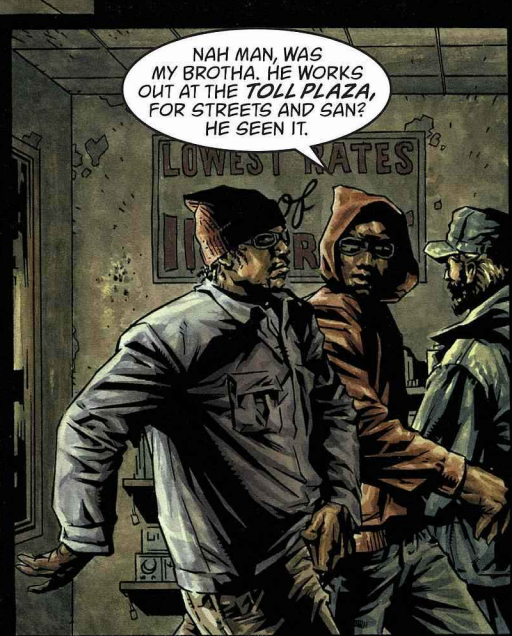








--BE  
SERIOUS-  
LY SPOOKY.  
YOU SEEN  
IT?



NAH MAN, WAS  
MY BROTHA. HE WORKS  
OUT AT THE TOLL PLAZA,  
FOR STREETS AND SAN?  
HE SEEN IT.



DAMN.



WHAT  
KINDA CRAZY DOG  
BE THROWIN' A CHOPPED  
OFF HAND IN A TOLL  
BASKET?





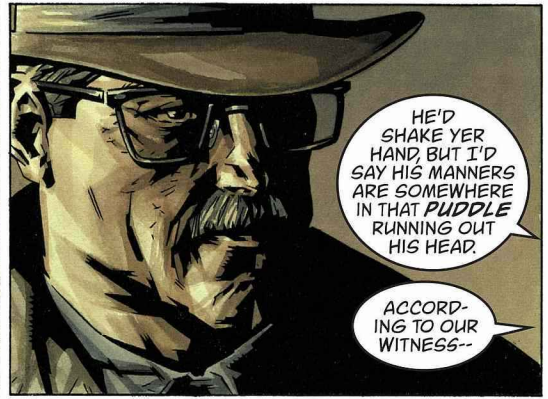
HEY,  
COMMISSIONER.

DETECTIVES.  
WHAT HAVE WE  
GOT?



MEET  
ADAM  
COOR.

ADAM,  
COMMISSIONER  
GORDON.



HE'D  
SHAKE YER  
HAND, BUT I'D  
SAY HIS MANNERS  
ARE SOMEWHERE  
IN THAT **PUDDLE**  
RUNNING OUT  
HIS HEAD.

ACCORD-  
ING TO OUR  
WITNESS--



--HIS  
SISTER--

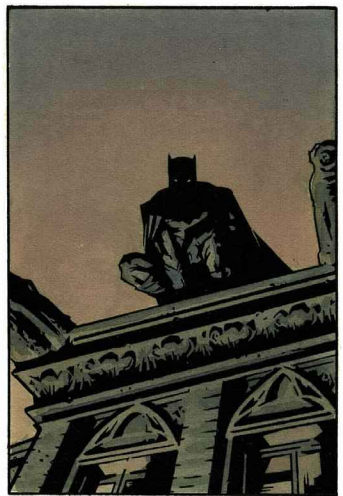


--ADAM AND HIS  
BROTHER JAY GOT INTO  
A HEATED **ARGUMENT** OVER  
WHAT THEY WERE GONNA BUY  
THEIR DEAR SWEET MOTHER  
FOR HER BIRTHDAY.





THE SHOOTER?



JAY? OUR GUYS STILL AT LARGE. NO PRIORS, SO I FIGURE HE'S RUNNIN' SCARED. WE SHOULD HAVE HIM BY MOR--

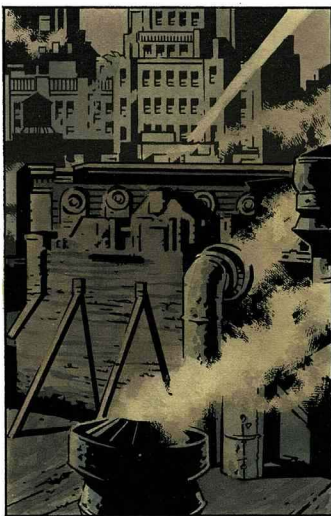
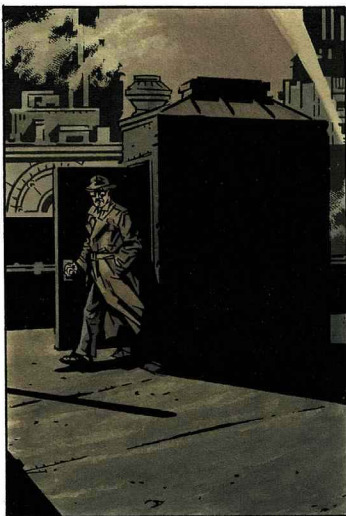
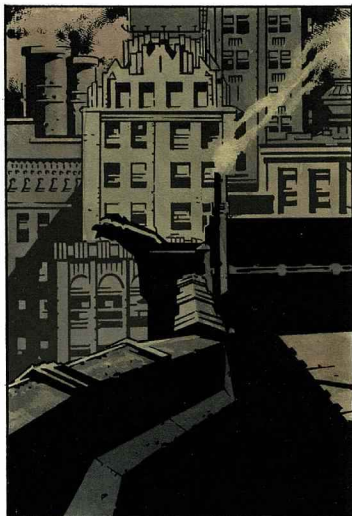
--ALIVE, OKAY?



IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT POOR WOMAN'S GETTING ONE GIFT IN A PINE BOX.

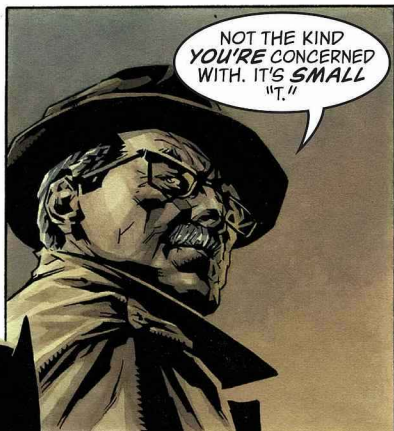






DAMNIT.

TROUBLE?



NOT THE KIND  
YOU'RE CONCERNED  
WITH. IT'S *SMALL*  
"IT."



AS IN  
*TRAGIC*?

WHAT  
DO YOU  
NEED?



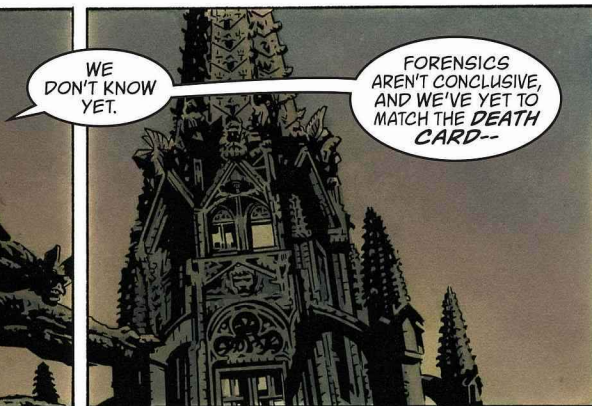


THERE WAS  
SOMETHING...*CREATIVE*  
DONE AT A TOLL PLAZA  
TODAY.

THAT'S A  
GOOD WORD FOR  
IT. YEAH.



TROUBLE  
WITH A *CAPITAL*  
"T"?



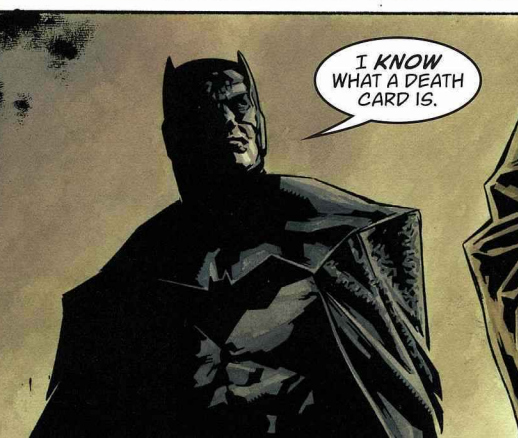
WE  
DON'T KNOW  
YET.

FORENSICS  
AREN'T CONCLUSIVE,  
AND WE'VE YET TO  
MATCH THE *DEATH*  
CARD--



--DEATH  
CARD?

YEAH.  
STANDARD AS C  
RATIONS, AS FAR AS  
WARFARE GOES THE  
LAST FIFTY YEARS. A  
NEAT WAY FOR A COM-  
PANY TO *MARK*  
ITS KILLS?



I *KNOW*  
WHAT A DEATH  
CARD IS.



BUT  
YOU DIDN'T  
KNOW THERE  
*WAS* ONE.



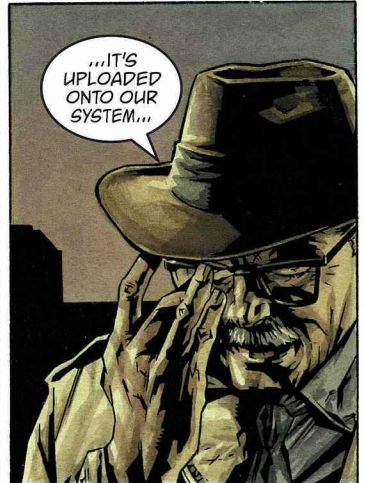


IT'S NICE I'M  
OF SOME USE TO YOU.  
THE WHOLE TWO WAY STREET  
THING, IT'S **GOOD** FOR  
MY EGO.



SIR?  
LE BOUCHON.  
CODE RED. PUT  
THE TIE BACK  
ON.

THIS  
CARD--YOU  
SHOULD CHECK IT  
OUT. MAYBE YOUR  
RESOURCES...



...IT'S  
UPLOADED  
ONTO OUR  
SYSTEM...



...YOU  
KNOW THE  
**PASSWORD**,  
RIGHT?





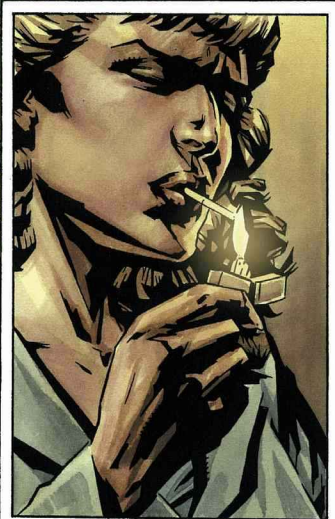




WHA?  
OFFICER,  
I'M--

I KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE,  
MR. WAYNE,  
BUT--

LET  
HIM THROUGH,  
SERGEANT.



CARLA,  
ARE YOU...?

I'M FINE,  
BRUCE, I'M FINE.  
BUT **SCOTT**...

...IT  
HAPPENED SO  
QUICKLY, I'M NOT  
**SURE** WHAT  
I SAW.



TELL ME  
WHAT YOU **THINK**  
YOU SAW.

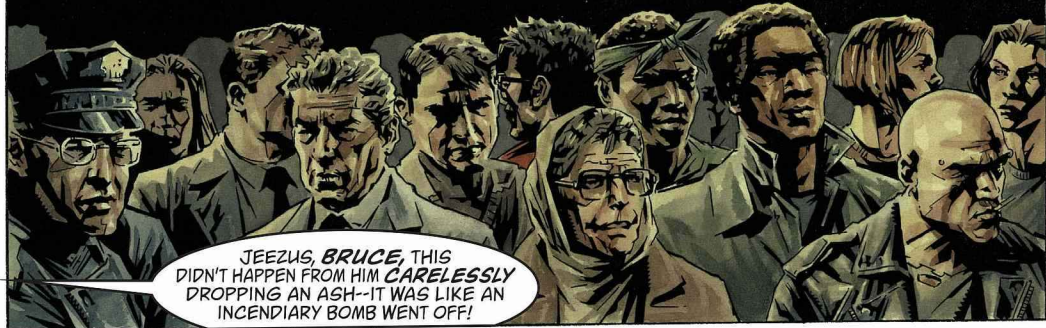
I KNOW  
THIS SOUNDS CRAZY,  
BUT IT WAS LIKE THE  
**FIRE**...

...IT  
**STARTED** IN  
HIS LAP.

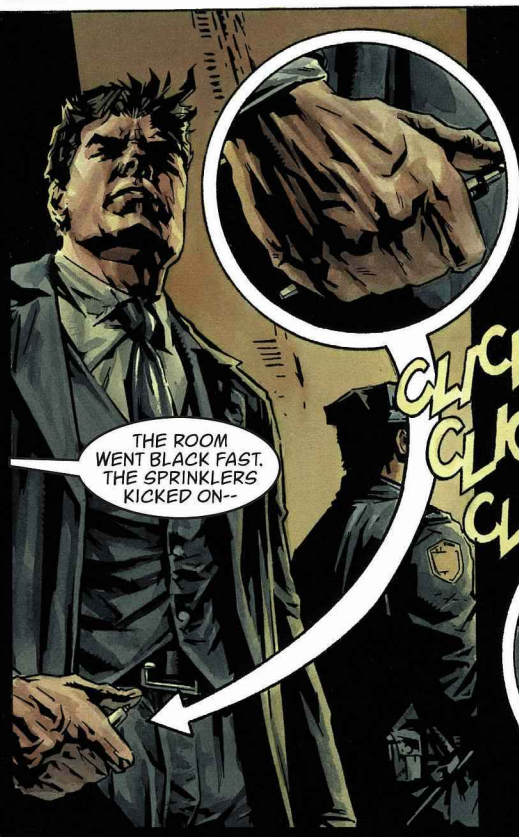


HE WAS  
**SMOKING**?





JEEZUS, *BRUCE*, THIS  
DIDN'T HAPPEN FROM HIM *CARELESSLY*  
DROPPING AN ASH--IT WAS LIKE AN  
INCENDIARY BOMB WENT OFF!



THE ROOM  
WENT BLACK FAST.  
THE SPRINKLERS  
KICKED ON--

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK



--THANK GOD,  
OR THE *EMTS* WOULD  
BE DEALING WITH *MORE*  
THAN JUST SMOKE  
INHALATION.



BRUCE,  
SCOTT...HE'S  
BADLY--VERY  
BADLY--  
BURNED.





ALFRED?

HERE, SIR.  
I UNDERSTAND  
THAT MASTER SCOTT  
HAS BEEN TAKEN  
TO **GOTHAM  
GENERAL**.

YEAH.  
I'M ON MY WAY  
THERE.




IT  
DOESN'T  
SOUND  
GOOD.

WHAT  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE ME TO  
DO?

I'M LOADING  
SOME SHOTS OF THE  
SCENE INTO THE  
MOBILE COM. LINK  
UP TO IT.

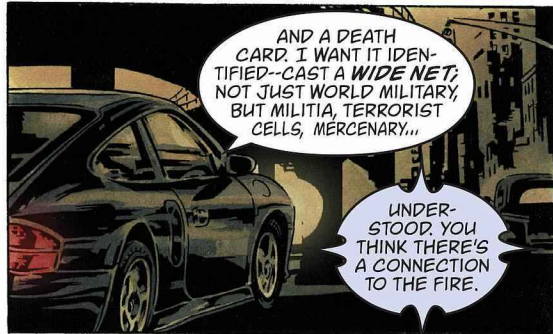
SEE IF YOU  
CAN'T GET AN **I.D.** ON  
ANYONE IN THE CROWD.  
WE'RE **SPECIFICALLY**  
LOOKING FOR ARSON-  
ISTS.



ALSO, HACK  
INTO THE POLICE  
FILES PERTAINING  
TO A HAND THAT WAS  
FOUND TODAY AT THE  
GOTHAM BRIDGE  
TOLL PLAZA.

A HAND?





AND A DEATH CARD. I WANT IT IDENTIFIED--CAST A *WIDE NET*; NOT JUST WORLD MILITARY, BUT MILITIA, TERRORIST CELLS, MERCENARY...

UNDERSTOOD. YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION TO THE FIRE.



SCOTT WAS A SOLDIER--CAREER I.O.

AND THE *TARGET* OF THAT FIRE.



THAT'S A MESSY WAY TO TAKE SOMEONE OUT. IT'S ALSO BRASH; IT SENDS A MESSAGE.

LIKE A DEATH CARD.



UH HUH. SO FIND ME THE MESSENGER.





Martha Wayne  
Memorial Burn Unit

*DING*



ON  
SCOTT  
FLOYD, I  
HOPE.

FRIEND  
OF YOURS?

YEAH.

I'M  
SORRY.





IS  
HE--

--NOT YET, BUT  
SOON. WITH TRAUMA THIS  
SEVERE, THERE'S REALLY  
LITTLE WE CAN DO.

CAN  
I SEE  
HIM?

ACCORDING  
TO I.O.? NO ONE CAN,  
NOT 'TIL THEY GET  
HERE.

THE STATE HE'S  
IN, IT'S CONSIDERED A  
**SECURITY RISK**, HE MAY  
SAY SOMETHING HE  
SHOULDN'T.



WHAT ABOUT  
ACCORDING TO HIS  
**DOCTOR**?



HE  
NEEDS A  
**FRIEND**.

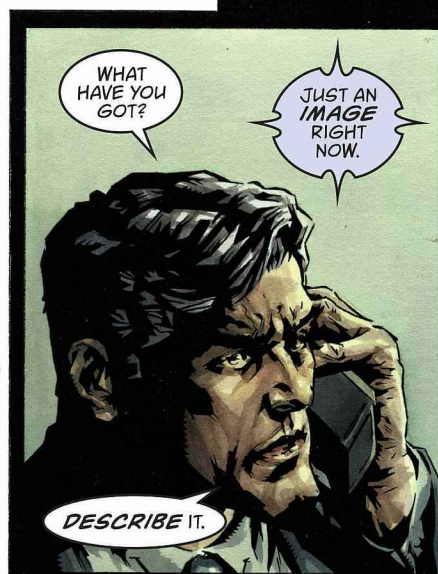


THANKS.





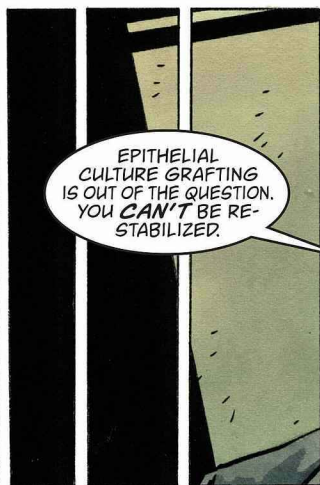








...YOU'VE SUFFERED **THIRD DEGREE BURNS** OVER NINETY-FIVE PERCENT OF YOUR BODY-- SEVENTY-EIGHT PERCENT OF THOSE ARE **FULL THICKNESS**.



EPITHELIAL CULTURE GRAFTING IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOU **CAN'T** BE RE-STABILIZED.



YOU **UNDERSTAND** WHAT THAT MEANS.



I CAN FIND YOUR KILLER.





EARLIER  
TODAY *SOME-  
ONE* DROPPED A  
MUMMIFIED HAND  
IN A TOLL  
BASKET.



A  
MILITARY  
DEATH CARD  
WAS LEFT AS  
WELL.



THE  
*INSIGNIA* SHOWS  
TWO RED VERTICAL  
LINES. RING A  
BELL?

...DEATHBLOW.



WHAT IS  
*DEATHBLOW*?  
A PROJECT, A  
MISSION?

...NO...

...WHO.



WHO IS  
DEATHBLOW?

"SCOTT!"

"RIGHT  
HERE,  
BUDDY."

"THE HOSTAGE..."





--IS DEAD--  
REAL DEAD.

WHAT  
ABOUT  
OUR  
FRIEND?



IT'S SAFE  
TO SAY HE DID  
IT, BUT HE AIN'T  
HERE.



WELL, HE HASN'T  
COME OUT. WHICH  
MEANS IT'S **SAFE**  
TO SAY...

...IT AIN'T **SAFE**  
TO BE THERE.

I WAS  
THINKIN'  
THE **SAME**  
THING.

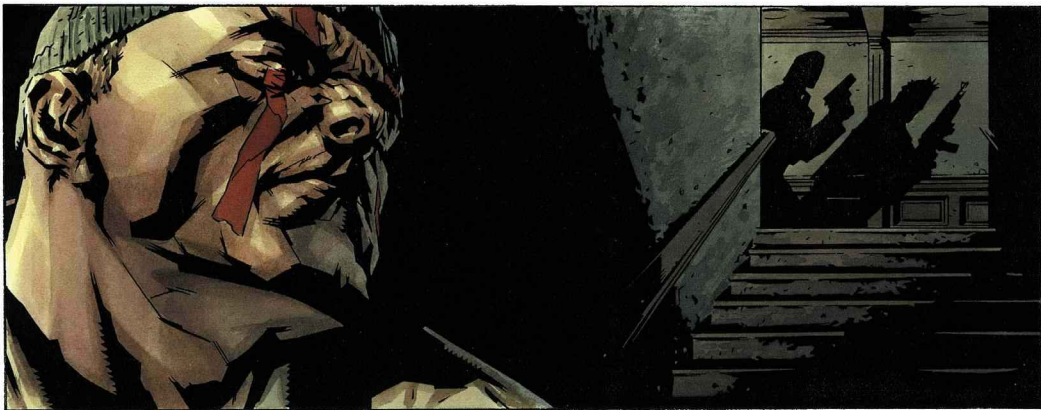


I'M  
BUGGIN'.









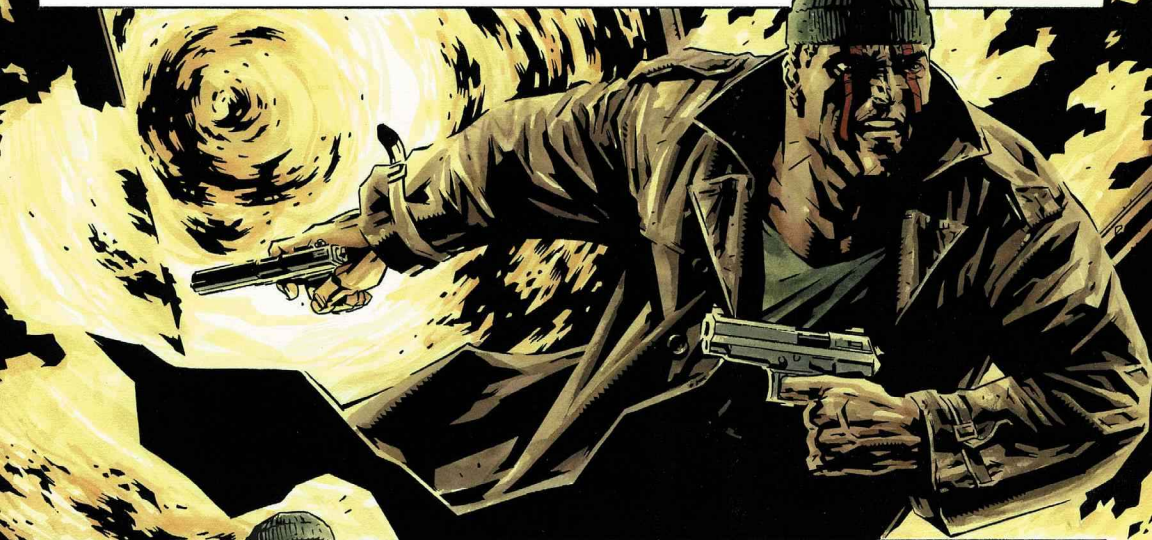
















**MICHAEL!**



**BACKUP?**

**NO, PULL  
OUT.**

**OUR  
INTELLIGENCE...**



**...INCOMPLETE.**

**I  
BOTCHED  
THE JOB.**



**FORGET  
ABOUT THAT,  
MICHAEL--**

**--YOU  
OKAY?**



**YEAH.**

**GUESS I  
LITERALLY PULLED  
YOUR ASS OUTTA  
THE FIRE.**



**HUH. YEAH,  
YOU DID, SCOTT. THANKS.  
SOMEDAY...**



"...MAYBE I CAN RE-  
TURN THE FAVOR."

SCOTT...

...WHO IS  
DEATHBLOW?

EE











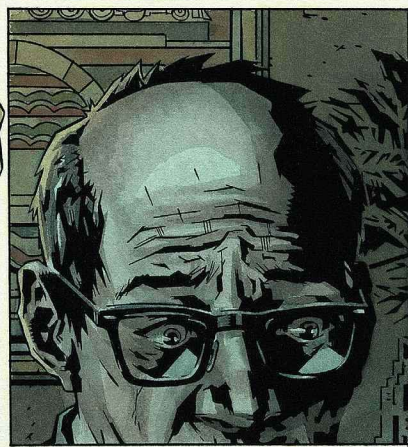
CHINATOWN.

GOTHAM CITY.

TEN MINUTES  
FROM NOW.

--OFFICIALS ARE  
STILL AT A LOSS AS TO  
WHAT CAUSED LAST NIGHT'S  
FIRE AT GOTHAM'S TRENDY  
LE BOUCHON  
RESTAURANT--





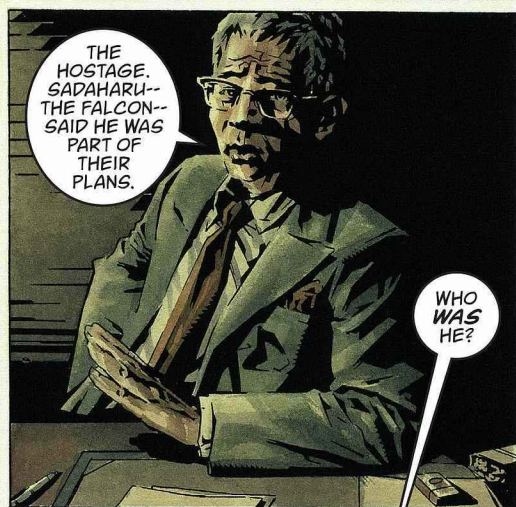




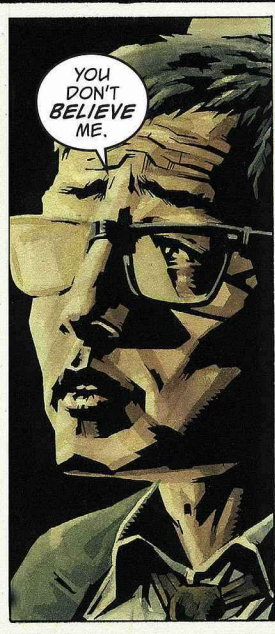
--INVESTIGATORS  
ARE NOT RULING OUT  
**ARSON**, THOUGH AT THIS  
POINT, THEY ADMITTEDLY  
HAVE **LITTLE** TO  
GO ON.

**CLIK**









YOU  
DON'T  
**BELIEVE**  
ME.

THAT'S  
THE FIRST  
THING YOU'VE SAID  
THAT I **DO**  
BELIEVE.

YOU THINK  
I'M **STUPID**? WHY  
WOULD I **LIE** TO  
YOU?

I THINK  
YOU SET ME  
UP, **CHEN**. THAT  
ANSWERS YOUR  
**FIRST** QUESTION  
TOO, AM I  
**RIGHT**?



SET YOU  
UP? STUPID  
NOTHING—I'D  
BE **INSANE** TO  
DO THAT,  
**CRAY!**

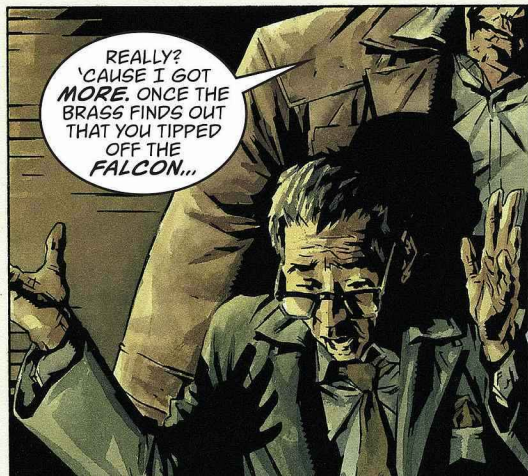
NO  
ARGUMENT  
HERE.



I'M **NOT**  
FOOLING!

**NEITHER**  
AM I.

THIS  
IS TOO  
MUCH!



REALLY?  
'CAUSE I GOT  
**MORE**. ONCE THE  
BRASS FINDS OUT  
THAT YOU TIPPED  
OFF THE  
**FALCON**...









NEVER  
HEARD A' **NOTHING**  
LIKE THAT.

NEVER?



I  
**SWEAR** TO  
GOD.



**SWEAR**  
TO ME.



I  
**SWEAR** TO THE  
**DEVIL.**



CUTE,  
AND YOU'RE  
**RIGHT...**



... 'CAUSE  
IF YOU'RE **LYIN'**,  
I'LL MAKE YOUR  
LIFE A **STINKIN'**  
**HELL.**





LIKE IT ISN'T  
ALREADY?



AH,  
C'MON, CHEN,  
YOU GOT IT  
**GOOD.**

AND WHAT  
YOU GOT ON ME  
IS **BAD.** I'M JUST  
A **BUSINESS-**  
**MAN--**

--NO, YOU'RE  
AN **EXTORTIONIST,** AND  
A **TRAITOR.**

OR AT LEAST  
THAT'S WHAT THE  
**GAMMORAN--** AND I  
USE THIS TERM LOOSELY--  
**GOVERNMENT** HAS  
CHARGED YOU WITH  
BEING.

THAT  
MAKES ME  
A **DEAD**  
**MAN.**

WHICH  
MAKES YOU NO  
GOOD TO US. SO  
WE MADE YOU A  
**BUSINESS-**  
**MAN.**

**I.O.**  
MADE ME  
A **GANGSTER**  
RUNNING A  
GAMBLING  
DEN.

YOU  
ALREADY WERE  
A **GANGSTER.** WE  
**GAVE** YOU THE  
GAMBLING  
DEN.

SO NOW  
IT'S NOT JUST  
GAMMORAH WANTS  
MY HEAD, BUT THE  
**I.R.S.** AND **F.B.I.**  
TOO.

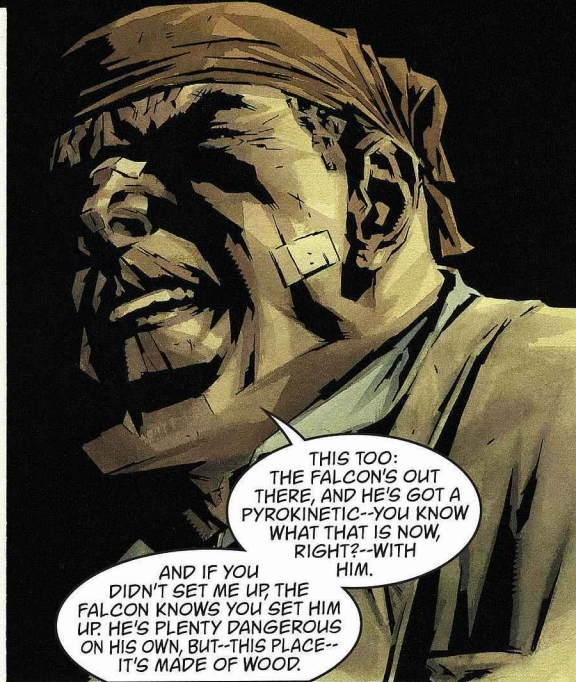
WHAT CAN I  
SAY? GUESS YOUR  
**ONLY** FRIENDS ARE  
IN **I.O.**





SOME FRIENDS.

--ARE BETTER THAN NO FRIENDS. KEEP THAT IN MIND.



THIS TOO: THE FALCON'S OUT THERE, AND HE'S GOT A PYROKINETIC--YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS NOW, RIGHT?--WITH HIM.

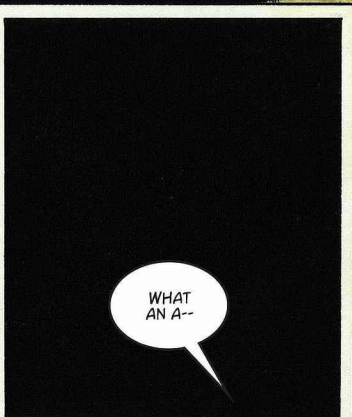
AND IF YOU DIDN'T SET ME UP, THE FALCON KNOWS YOU SET HIM UP. HE'S PLENTY DANGEROUS ON HIS OWN, BUT--THIS PLACE--IT'S MADE OF WOOD.



LIKE I SAID, KEEP THAT IN MIND.



AND KEEP IN TOUCH.



WHAT AN A--







--SO  
GOOD TO  
SEE YOU, **MAX**.  
IT'S BEEN, WHAT?  
**SEVEN**  
YEARS?



**TEN.**

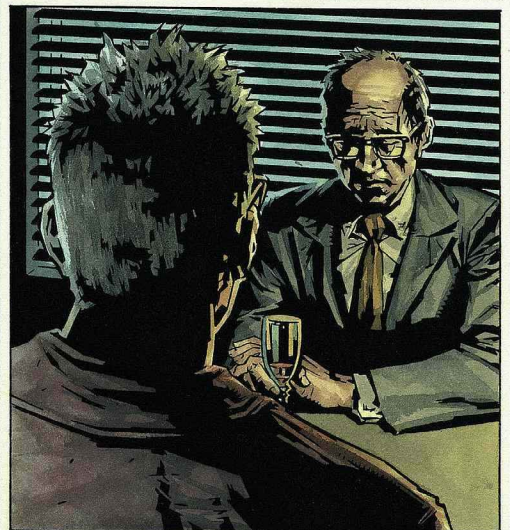
TEN  
YEARS. TIME  
FLIES.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN BY  
**THAT**,  
CHEN?



NOTHING...  
IT'S...JUST AN  
**EXPRESSION**.  
TIME FLIES.







NO,  
TIME IS *SPENT*.  
THINKING.

TIME  
IS *BOUGHT*.  
DECEIVING.

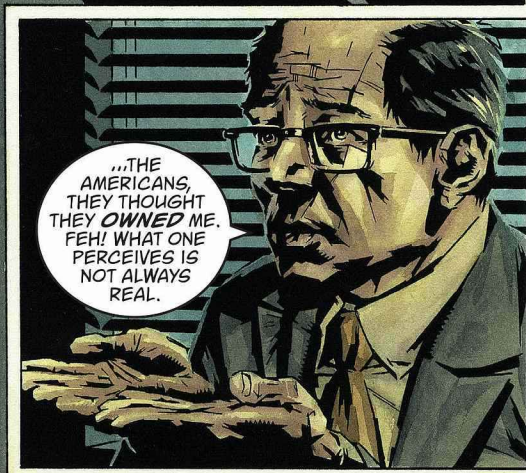
AND WHEN  
YOU *BUY* TIME,  
EVENTUALLY, IT'LL  
COST YOU.



THAT'S WHY  
I'M HERE, CHEN  
HO. TO SETTLE  
A DEBT.



BUT MAX,  
YOU OWE ME  
*NOTHING*. WHAT  
I DID FOR THE  
FALCON...

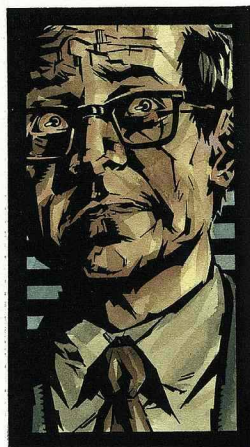


...THE  
AMERICANS,  
THEY THOUGHT  
THEY *OWNED* ME.  
FEH! WHAT ONE  
PERCEIVES IS  
NOT ALWAYS  
REAL.

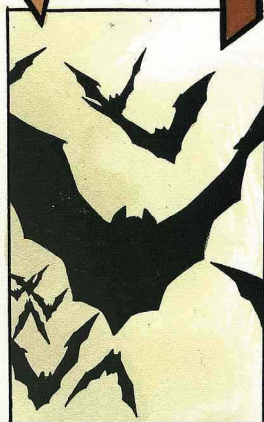


TRUE.  
WHICH IS WHY IT  
SHOULD BE NO  
SURPRISE...





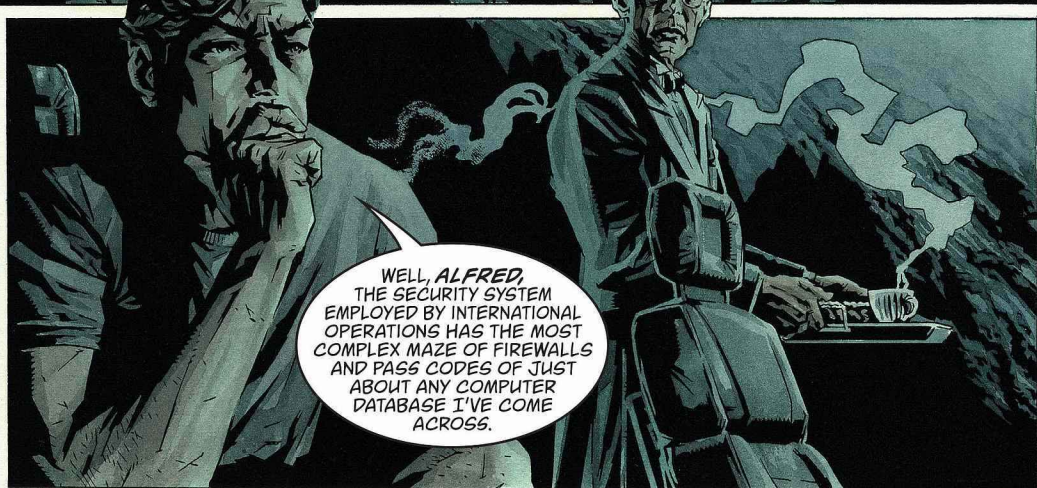
...THAT  
MY DEBT IS  
**NOT** TO  
YOU.







HOW GOES  
THE HUNTING, MASTER  
BRUCE?



WELL, **ALFRED**,  
THE SECURITY SYSTEM  
EMPLOYED BY INTERNATIONAL  
OPERATIONS HAS THE MOST  
COMPLEX MAZE OF FIREWALLS  
AND PASS CODES OF JUST  
ABOUT ANY COMPUTER  
DATABASE I'VE COME  
ACROSS.



I IMAGINE IT  
WOULD BE DESIGNED BY  
**WAYNE INDUSTRIES**,  
AFTER ALL.



YEAH...  
**IMPOSSIBLE**  
TO HACK INTO.  
WE DO A GOOD  
JOB.





WE  
ALSO LEAVE  
A WINDOW  
OPEN.

I  
WOULDN'T  
CALL IT A  
WINDOW. IT'S  
MORE LIKE AN  
*INVISIBLE  
BACK DOOR*,  
THAT ONLY  
WE HAVE  
THE KEY  
TO.



CALL IT  
WHATEVER  
YOU LIKE.

OKAY,  
HOW 'BOUT  
*NECESSARY*  
FOR THE KIND  
OF BUSINESS  
WE'RE IN?



SELLING  
*IMPENETRA-  
BLE* SECURITY  
SYSTEMS?



I  
PREFER:  
*PROVING  
PROTEC-  
TION*.

YES, I  
KNOW.



I KNOW  
YOU DO. AND I  
KNOW WHERE THAT  
*DEATH CARD*  
CAME FROM.



IT'S *I.O.* THE  
MARK OF A MAN CALLED  
*DEATHBLOW*.





WHO  
IS HE?

NOT A  
WHO, BUT A  
WHAT.

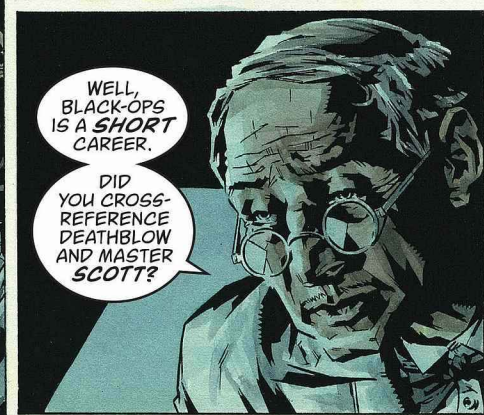


DEATHBLOW'S  
A BLACK-OP **CODE NAME**.  
BEEN IN USE SINCE NINE-  
TEEN FORTY-EIGHT.

CODENAME: DEATHBLOW  
ACCESSING FILES



SINCE  
THEN? THERE'VE  
BEEN THIRTY-NINE  
DEATHBLOWS.



WELL,  
BLACK-OPS  
IS A **SHORT**  
CAREER.

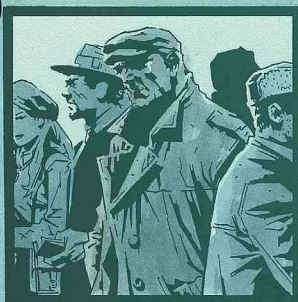
DID  
YOU CROSS-  
REFERENCE  
DEATHBLOW  
AND MASTER  
**SCOTT?**







MY FIRST  
THOUGHT WAS THAT  
MAYBE SCOTT HAD  
BEEN ASSIGNED  
THIS NAME...



...TURNED OUT,  
TEN YEARS AGO HE  
WAS ASSIGNED TO **RIDE  
SHOTGUN** WITH A  
DEATHBLOW--

--MICHAEL  
CRAY--

--HERE IN  
GOTHAM.

OPERATION  
CHERRY BOMB.

MY MY,  
THEY CERTAINLY  
HAVE **SEXY** NAMES  
FOR **THEMSELVES**  
AND WHAT THEY **DO**,  
DON'T THEY?





SEEMS A  
GAMORRAN TERRORIST  
CELL WAS OPERATING IN  
GOTHAM, AND HAD BEEN  
FOR SOME TIME.

TERRORISTS  
IN MY CITY, I.O. WAS  
AWARE OF THIS, BUT  
DEEMED IT  
ACCEPTABLE.

THEN THE  
CELL'S LEADER,  
**SEIJUN SADAHARU**--  
ALSO KNOWN AS THE  
**FALCON**--FLEW  
THE COOP.

HE SPLIT  
THE CELL FROM  
GAMMORA, AND  
DECIDED TO SELL  
THEIR SERVICES  
ON THE OPEN  
MARKET.

THIS,  
I.O. DEEMED  
**UNACCEPT-**  
**ABLE.**

SO  
THEY SENT  
CRAY IN TO  
TAKE THEM  
OUT.



CRAY AND  
SCOTT.

AND?

AND THEY  
**FAILED. THE FALCON  
ESCAPED.**



FUNNY,  
OTHER THAN  
CHERRY BOMB?  
CRAY HAS A  
**PERFECT  
RECORD.**

MISTAKES  
TEND TO **STAY**  
WITH A MAN.  
WHERE IS HE  
NOW?

SIX FEET  
UNDER. BUT HIS  
**MISTAKE?**





IT'S **NOT**  
BURIED WITH  
HIM.



IT'S  
**HERE**, IN  
GOTHAM.



MASTER  
BRUCE...

...YOU  
MIGHT WANT  
TO HAVE A  
**LOOK** AT  
THIS...

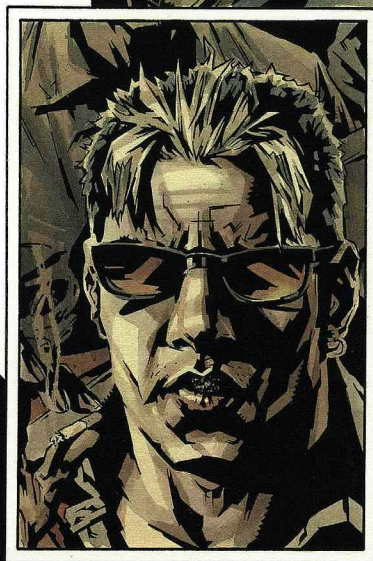




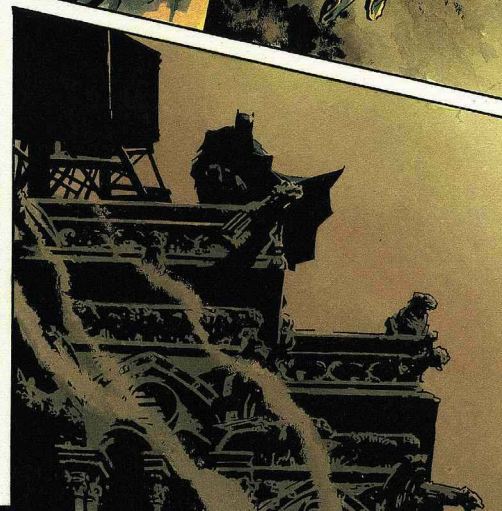














LIEUTENANT  
FLOYD, SIR?



...THE  
FLORIST'S.





YOU  
ROGER  
THAT,  
MICHAEL?

YEAH.  
CAREFUL HERE,  
SCOTT.



ALWAYS.  
ASIAN. EARLY  
TWENTIES.  
DIGGS WHITE  
ROSES?



YES, YES,  
AN' HOW SHOULD  
I KNOW?

YOU'RE  
THE ONLY  
ONE THAT  
CAN I.D.  
'IM.



--I ONLY  
CAUGHT A  
GLIMPSE  
HE ALONE?

NO  
FALCON, IF  
THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'RE ASK-  
ING.

SOLDIER?

SIR?



CLEAR  
SHOT?

NEGATIVE.




ANYONE?



I'M  
MOVIN'  
IN.





SAY, MIKEY,  
THIS IDEA A' YOURS?  
PRETTY CUTE.

CALL  
IT A HUNCH,  
SCOTT.

OUR BOY'S  
A PYROKINETIC. AND  
ACCORDING TO I.O.  
FILES ON KNOWN  
BURNERS...

...THEIR BODY **TEMPERA-  
TURES** ARE OFF THE MAP.

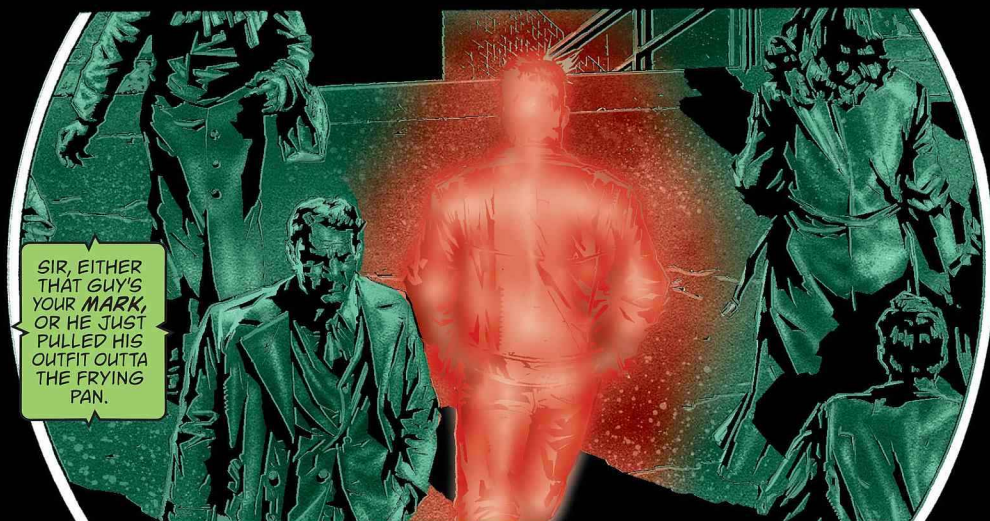


ON INFRARED?  
EASY TO SPOT AS  
KIM BASINGER AT  
A NUDIST CAMP.

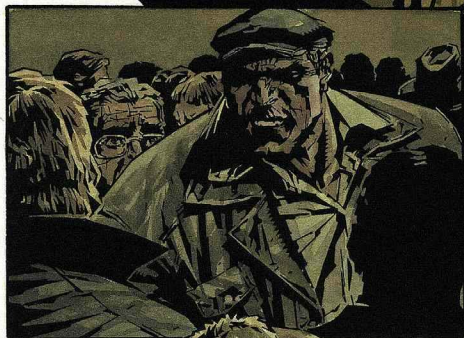
**SHE'S  
HOT.**

**HE IS  
TOO.**

















FOAM





WHUFF

HE'S  
TOYING  
WITH  
US...



# FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVES

## MAXWELL KAI



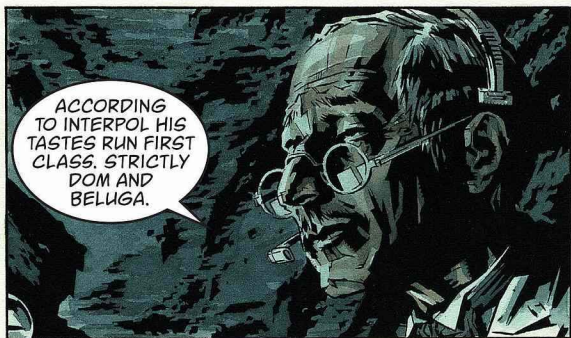
...MAX  
KAI.

I.O.'S GOT HIM  
LISTED AS A MEMBER OF  
THE GAMMORAN SECRET  
POLICE, 'TIL THE GOVERN-  
MENT COLLAPSED.



SINCE  
THEN, HE'S BEEN  
**FREELANCE.**  
CORPORATE TERROR,  
FOR THE MOST  
PART.

ACCORDING  
TO INTERPOL HIS  
TASTES RUN FIRST  
CLASS, STRICTLY  
DOM AND  
BELUGA.



A MAN  
AFTER YOUR  
OWN **HEART,**  
MASTER  
BRUCE.







OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT MAX IS GAMMORAN, THERE'S NO APPARENT CONNECTION TO THE FALCON OR HIS TERRORIST CELL.

BUT, HE'S A MAN THAT DIDN'T **EXIST** BEFORE TEN YEARS AGO.



A COINCIDENCE?

NO SUCH THING.

AM I RIGHT?

I CROSS-REFERENCED WHEN MASTER SCOTT AND--  
**AHEM--DEATH-BLOW** WERE OPERATING IN GOTHAM.

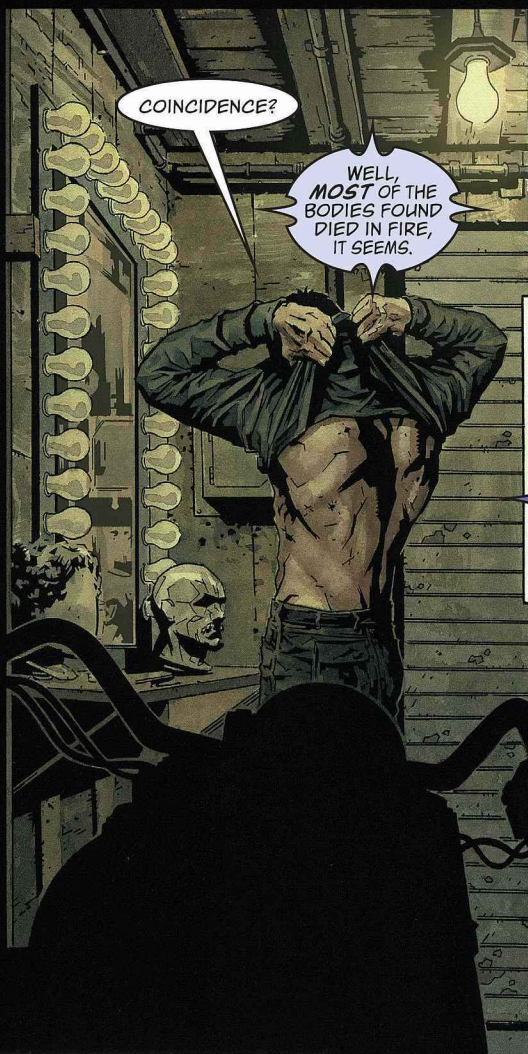


AND?

AND A SWEATSHOP TENEMENT IN CHINATOWN WAS **GUTTED** BY A MASSIVE FIRE.







COINCIDENCE?

WELL,  
**MOST** OF THE  
BODIES FOUND  
DIED IN FIRE,  
IT SEEMS.



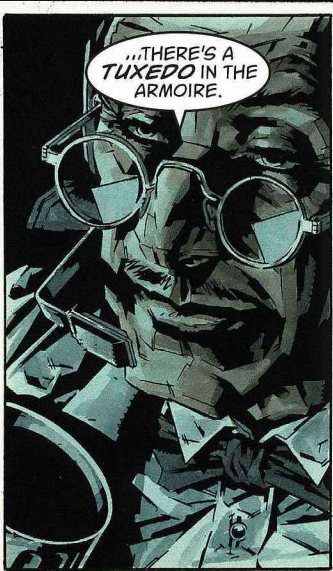
GUN-  
FIRE.



YOU  
SAID MAX  
LIKES THE FINER  
THINGS. ANY-  
THING IN HERE  
THAT WILL GET  
ME INTO A  
FIVE-STAR  
HOTEL?



LET'S SEE...  
YOU'RE IN THE  
EAST END SAFE  
HOUSE...



...THERE'S A  
**TUXEDO** IN THE  
ARMOIRE.



I'D PREFER  
TO USE THE **SERVICE**  
ENTRANCE...





"THAT WAS QUITE  
A *STUNT* TODAY  
AT THE TRAIN  
STATION, MAX..."



"...WHAT WERE YOU  
*THINKING?*"



I WAS  
THINKING MY WORK  
HERE IN GOTHAM CITY  
IS *FINISHED*.



I WAS  
THINKING OF  
GOING AWAY  
FOR A LITTLE  
*REST*.







YEAH,  
WELL I THINK  
I.O. PLANS TO  
PUT YOU *AWAY*  
FOR THE *REST*  
OF YOUR  
LIFE.

*IF* THEIR  
GOONS HAVE  
ORDERS TO TAKE  
YOU ALIVE.



UNDERSTAND ME?



I ADMIT,  
ENGLISH MAY  
BE DIFFICULT TO  
COMPREHEND,  
*MR. BLUE.*



BUT  
*YOU* ARE  
NOT.

I *WON'T*  
BE GETTING OUT  
OF GOTHAM...



...UNLESS  
YOU GO THROUGH  
THE AGENCY.



I *DID*  
WHAT YOU  
ASKED.

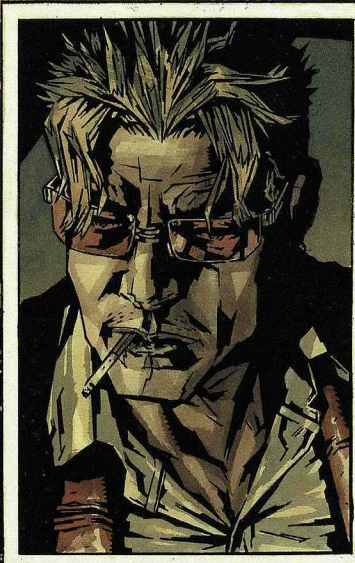
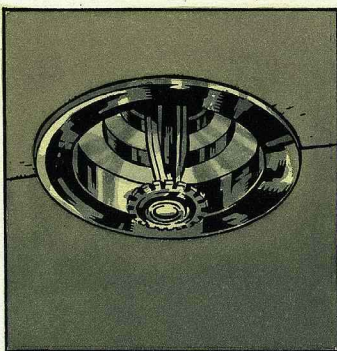
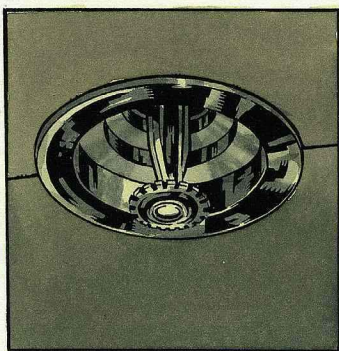
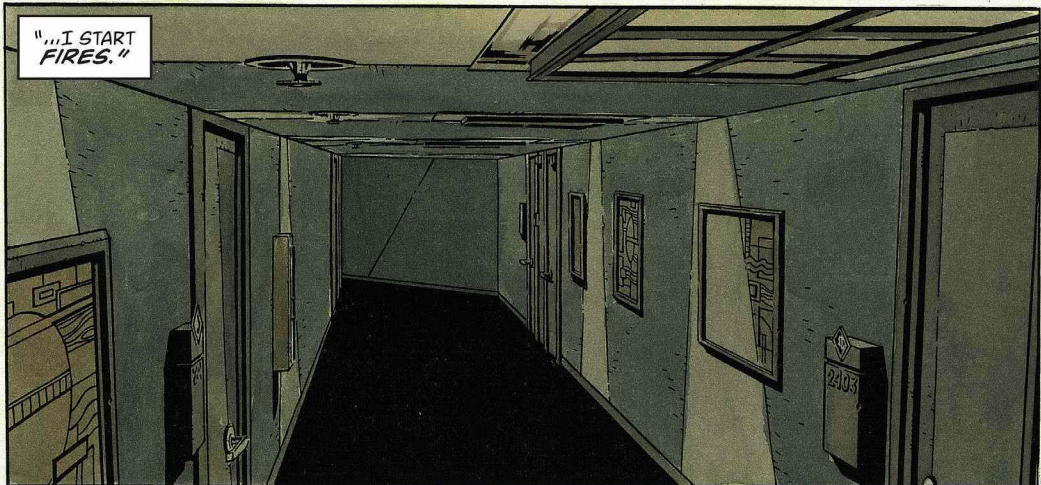
OUR  
RELATION-  
SHIP--



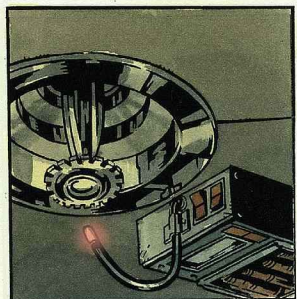
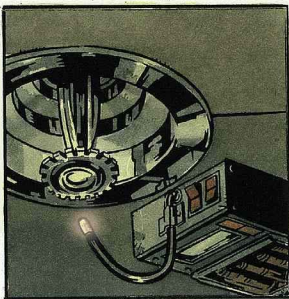
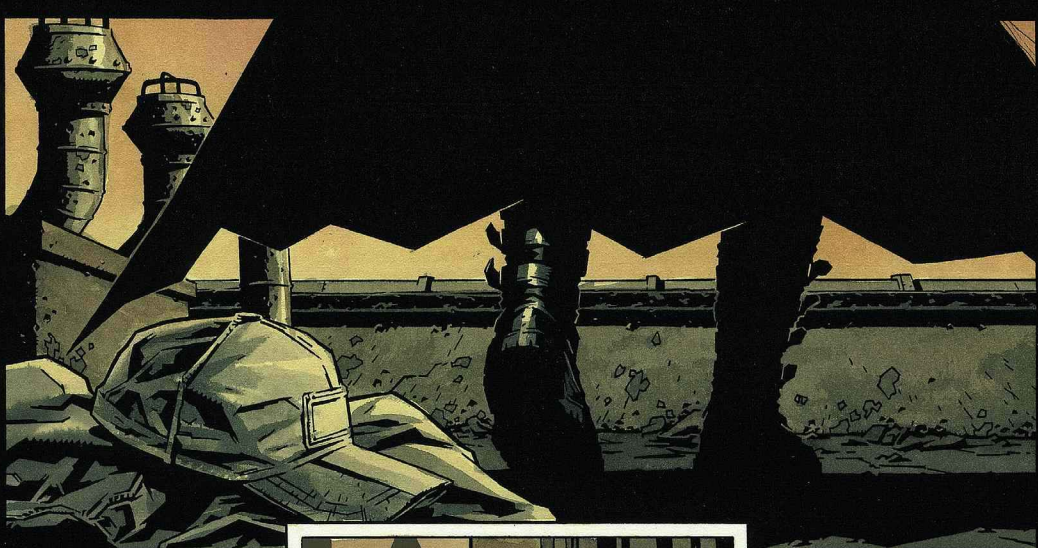




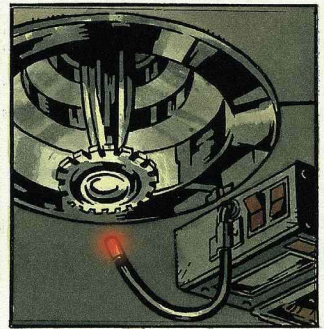
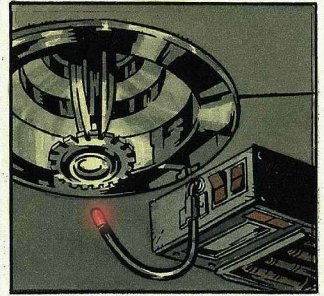
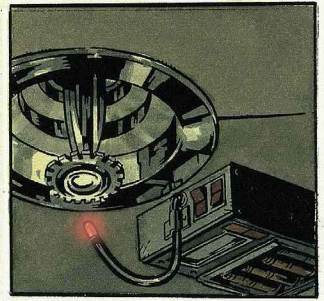
"...I START  
FIRES."











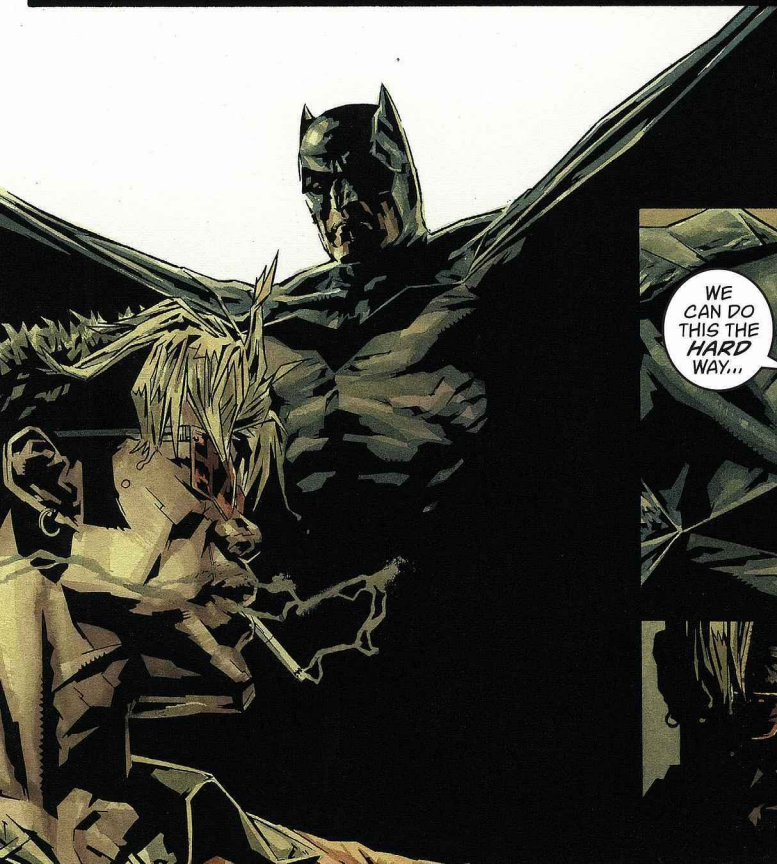












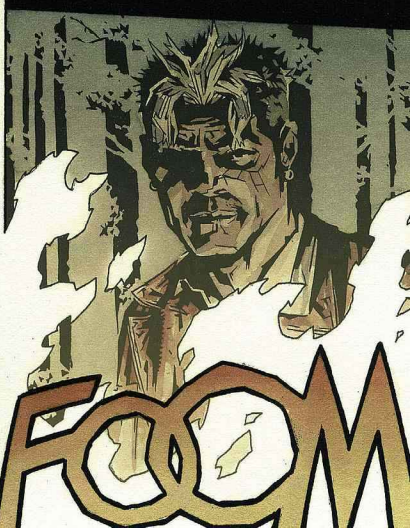
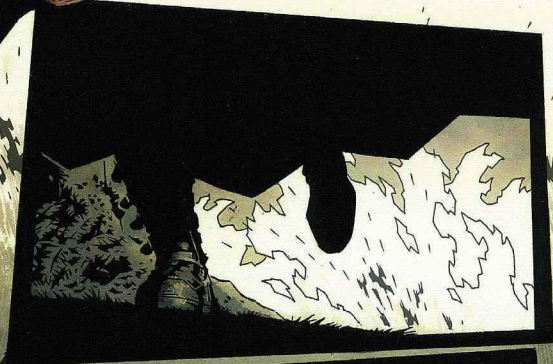














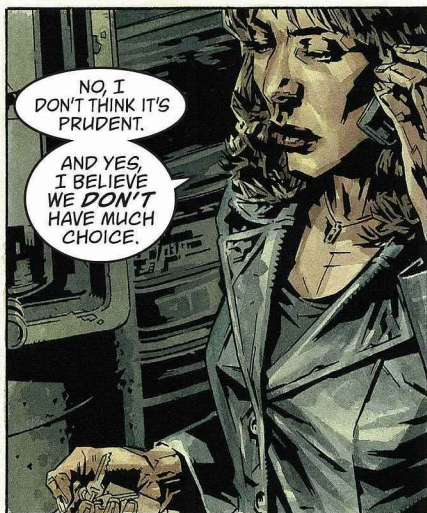






...I REALLY  
DON'T SEE ANY  
ALTERNATIVE, MR.  
DIRECTOR.

THESE  
ACTIONS OF  
LATE--HE'S **FORC-**  
ING OUR  
HAND.



NO, I  
DON'T THINK IT'S  
PRUDENT.

AND YES,  
I BELIEVE  
WE **DON'T**  
HAVE MUCH  
CHOICE.



VOLATILE--  
YOU CAN SAY THAT  
AGAIN. AND IT'LL  
ONLY GET **WORSE**  
ONCE THE **LOCALS**  
GET INVOLVED.



I'LL BE IN  
TOUCH.



WHO'S  
THERE?



MAX?





HE'S NOT  
AFRAID OF  
YOU.

I KNOW.



SO TELL  
ME WHO HE  
IS AFRAID  
OF...











GOTHAM  
CITY.



WEST END  
AIRSHIP  
STATION.



TEN YEARS  
AGO.



WHO'S YOUR  
SNITCH?













15 MINUTES  
FROM NOW.

--AGENT  
FANTE.

HELLO,  
MAX.

INTERESTING  
PLACE YOU'VE CHOSEN  
TO MEET.

NOT AS  
CROWDED AS  
I'D LIKE.

POPCORN?

NO  
THANK  
YOU.

THE DIRECTOR  
ASKED ME TO PASS ON  
HOW PLEASED OUR INTERESTS  
IN QURAC ARE WITH THE WAY  
THINGS WORKED OUT  
LAST MONTH.

THAT'S...  
SURPRISING.

CONSIDERING  
I BELIEVED I WAS  
WORKING **AGAINST**  
YOUR INTERESTS.





INTERESTS  
CHANGE, MAX. *YOU*  
BETTER THAN ANYONE  
SHOULD KNOW  
THAT.

WHAT  
WE'D LIKE TO  
KNOW IS WHO  
YOU'RE WORKING  
FOR NOW, WHY  
IT IS YOU'RE IN  
GOTHAM.



IT'S  
NOT IN MY  
BEST INTERESTS  
TO TELL YOU.  
UNLESS...



NAME IT.

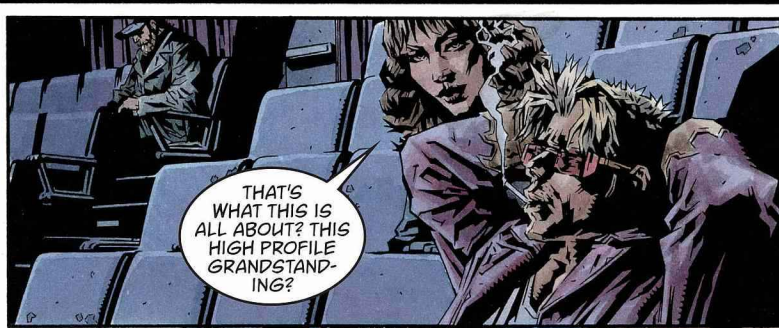
...I  
WANT TO  
COME IN.



YOU  
ASSUME I  
CAN DO  
THAT.

I KNOW  
YOU CAN GET  
IT DONE.





THAT'S  
WHAT THIS IS  
ALL ABOUT? THIS  
HIGH PROFILE  
GRANDSTAND-  
ING?



YOU  
BURNT  
OUT?

AGENT  
FANTE...



...I'LL  
TAKE THIS  
CITY WITH  
ME.



...WHEN  
I BURN  
OUT...



IT'S  
MY LAST  
JOB.



FOR  
WHO?





BRING  
ME IN, OR I  
PROMISE  
YOU...

...I  
WILL BURN  
OUT.



TOMORROW  
NIGHT.  
SAME...  
SAFE PLACE AS  
LAST TIME.

FINE.



MAX,  
WHOSE  
HAND--



--MY  
EMPLOYER'S.



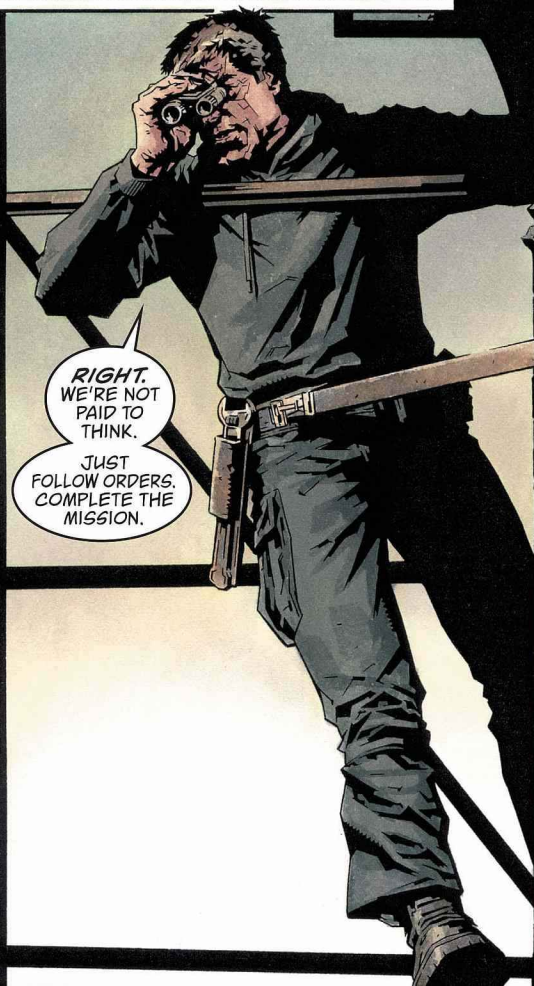


SO OUR  
FIREFLY'S WORKIN'  
FOR THE C.I.A....



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK  
A' THAT?

I  
DON'T. I'M A  
SOLDIER.



RIGHT.  
WE'RE NOT  
PAID TO  
THINK.

JUST  
FOLLOW ORDERS.  
COMPLETE THE  
MISSION.



YOU  
FOLLOW?

YOU GOT  
MY BACK?



LET'S  
GET OUR  
MAN.









LIKE THE PICTURES, AGENT FANTE?

NOT PARTICULARLY.

HOW'D YOU GET THEM?

IN GOTHAM...



...I'M EVERYWHERE. ALWAYS.



I KNOW WHERE YOU EAT, AND WHO SHARES YOUR TABLE.



I KNOW WHERE YOU PLAY, AND WHO SHARES YOUR GAMES.



I KNOW WHERE YOU SLEEP, AND WHO SHARES...

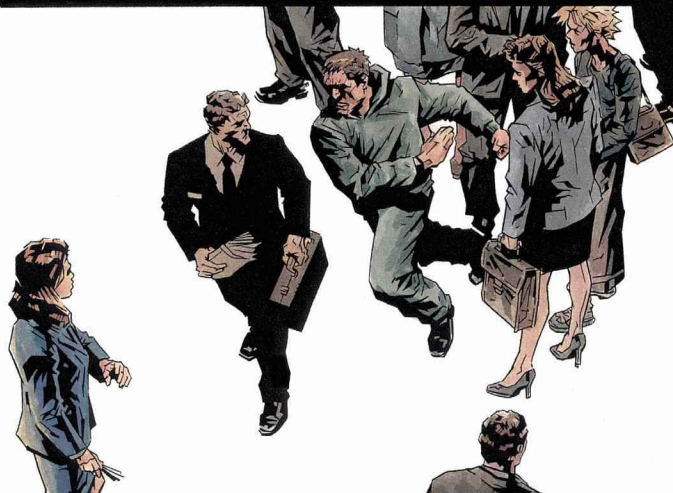
WE HAD A DEAL!



WE DID. YOU LED ME TO MAX, AND I LET YOU HANDLE IT YOUR WAY. THAT WAS THE DEAL.

LET'S MAKE A NEW ONE.









THEY'RE  
HEADED YOUR  
WAY. YOU  
SECURED?

ROGER.  
CREW'S OFF  
THE SHIP. ANY  
CIVILIANS?



TWO. RIGHT  
BEHIND THEM.  
YOU HANDLE  
IT?



HANDLED.









...FACE  
THE WALL.

IF YOU  
ATTEMPT TO  
LOOK UP, YOU'LL  
FEEL A VERY SHARP  
PAIN. YOU'LL THEN  
COME TO IN A  
HOSPITAL  
BED.

THIS WILL  
BE FOLLOWED BY  
SEVERAL MONTHS OF  
REHAB, DURING WHICH  
YOUR BODY WILL SLOW-  
LY REGAIN ITS  
MOTOR SKILLS.



CLEAR?



CRYSTAL.

GOOD.

NOW  
TELL  
ME...



...IS MAX  
KAI C.I.A., OR A  
TERRORIST?

BOTH.  
NEITHER.



I DON'T  
WANT ANY DOUBLE  
TALK. I WANT  
AN--





--EXPLANATION.



DO YOU?  
WHAT IF IT DOESN'T  
FIT IN YOUR NARROW  
SCOPE OF THE  
WORLD?

LADY, MY  
SCOPE'S SO DAMN  
FOCUSED RIGHT NOW  
YOU'D BETTER DO YOUR  
BEST TO BROADEN  
IT.



ALL RIGHT.  
YOU'RE I.O.,  
CORRECT?

SO IS THE  
FALCON.



THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



YOU  
HEARD  
HIM.



IT'S TRUE.  
YOU'VE BEEN SENT  
ON A MISSION TO TAKE  
OUT A TERRORIST CELL  
THAT'S BEEN OPERATING  
UNDER INTERNATIONAL  
OPERATIONS  
SANCTION.





DESPITE YOUR OWN RIGID BELIEFS, THE WORLD DOESN'T FUNCTION ON A CUT AND DRIED, BLACK AND WHITE SYSTEM...



...BUT MILLIONS OF SHADES OF GRAY.

I'M ONE. WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, SO ARE YOU.

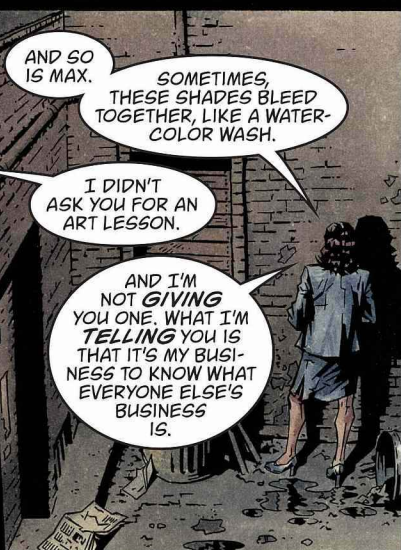


AND SO IS MAX.

SOMETIMES, THESE SHADES BLEED TOGETHER, LIKE A WATER-COLOR WASH.

I DIDN'T ASK YOU FOR AN ART LESSON.

AND I'M NOT *GIVING* YOU ONE. WHAT I'M *TELLING* YOU IS THAT IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW WHAT EVERYONE ELSE'S BUSINESS IS.



THAT'S MY BUSINESS AS WELL.



MAYBE IN GOTHAM. BUT GLOBALLY--





--DON'T  
KID YOURSELF.  
YOU'RE JUST A  
SOLDIER.

A BIT  
PLAYER.

YEAH? SO  
WHAT'S TO KEEP ME  
FROM PULLING BACK  
MY FINGERS...

--JUST  
A LITTLE  
BIT?



DON'T  
DO IT, DEATH-  
BLOW.

GOOD  
REASON?



BECAUSE  
SHE'S TEL-  
LING THE  
TRUTH.

SCOTT...



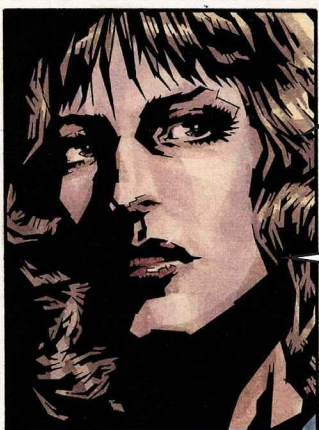
THE FALCON'S  
CELL WAS PUT IN PLAY  
AS A WAY TO GET INFOR-  
MATION ABOUT OTHER  
"LIKE-MINDED"  
GROUPS.

THEY  
WERE TERRORIST  
EXTREMISTS--



OUR  
TERRORIST  
EXTREMISTS.





THE C.I.A.  
CAUGHT WIND OF  
I.O.'S ACTIVE CELL,  
AND COULDN'T LET  
IT CONTINUE.

WHY?

BECAUSE  
SOME OF THE "LIKE-  
MINDED" GROUPS BEING  
EXPOSED WERE DEEMED  
**NECESSARY** BY THE  
DIRECTOR.

FRIENDS?

ALLIES.

SHADES  
OF GRAY.



YOU'RE  
CATCHING ON. THE  
FALCON'S ACTIVITIES  
WERE BEING FINANCED  
BY THE GAMMORAN  
GOVERNMENT AT  
THE TIME.

SO WE  
LET THEM KNOW  
WHO HE REALLY  
**WAS** WORKING  
FOR.



BUT I.O.,  
THE C.I.A.,...AREN'T  
YOU PEOPLE ON THE  
**SAME SIDE?**





THE WORLD'S  
NOT A *COIN*, DEATHBLOW--  
AND IT'S NOT ROUND, EITHER.  
IT'S LIKE A DIAMOND; MULTI-  
FACETED.



ONCE  
GAMMORA FOUND  
OUT THE *TRUTH* ABOUT  
THE FALCON, THEY STARTED  
MAKING PLANS TO BRING  
HIM HOME...



...ALIVE.

I CAN ONLY  
GUESS HOW YOU FOUND  
THAT OUT...



...THEN  
I GUESS YOU  
UNDERSTAND WHY  
HE HAD TO BE  
TERMINATED.



WHERE IS  
HE NOW?

WE DON'T  
KNOW, BUT  
NEITHER DO  
THEY.

FUBAR.









...MY WORD.  
MAX IS FREELANCE,  
BUT HE STIRS UP  
TROUBLE WHEN WE  
NEED IT.



SOMETIMES  
HE EVEN KNOWS  
WHY HE'S DOING  
IT.

UNDERSTAND:  
MAX IS VERY VALUABLE  
TO MANY...FACETS OF  
THE DIAMOND.

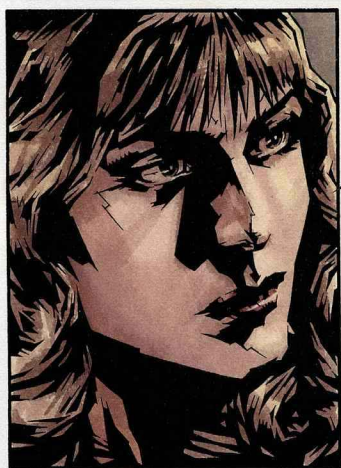
HE  
KNOWS NAMES,  
FACES...



...AND  
FINGER-  
PRINTS.

TO BE HONEST,  
I CONSIDER MYSELF  
**LUCKY** THAT HE'S  
TURNED TO US TO  
BRING HIM IN.

DON'T  
JEOPARDIZE THAT.  
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO  
LOSE HIM ON ACCOUNT  
OF ONE MAN'S NOTION  
OF JUSTICE.

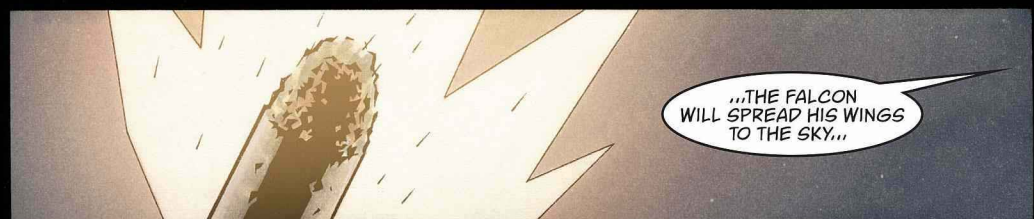


DID  
YOU HEAR  
ME?



ARE YOU  
**THERE?**







"...AND SOAR AGAIN."







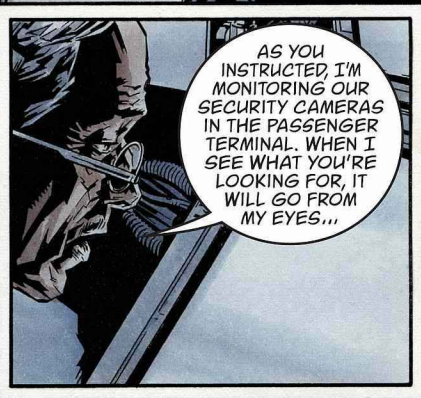
ALFRED?

SIR?

ANYTHING YET?

ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT I'M NOT DOING MY JOB?

NO.



AS YOU INSTRUCTED, I'M MONITORING OUR SECURITY CAMERAS IN THE PASSENGER TERMINAL. WHEN I SEE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, IT WILL GO FROM MY EYES...



...TO YOUR EARS.



MAY I SPEAK FREELY, SIR?

SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU NEEDED PERMISSION...?



IT DOESN'T HURT TO BE *COURTEOUS* BEFORE CRITICISM.

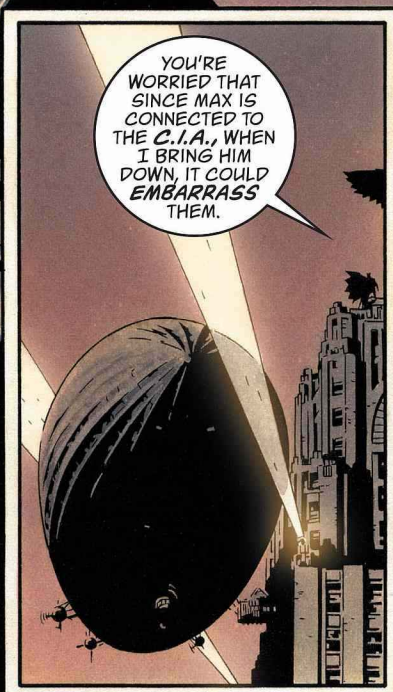




YOU  
DON'T LIKE  
THIS.

I KNOW  
MY LIKING THIS,  
THAT, OR THE OTHER  
THING RARELY FIGURES  
INTO YOUR EQUATIONS,  
BUT HAVE YOU CON-  
SIDERED THE OBVIOUS  
**REPERCUSSIONS**  
OF THE ACTION  
YOU'RE UNDER-  
TAKING?

OBVIOUSLY,  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I HAVE.



YOU'RE  
WORRIED THAT  
SINCE MAX IS  
CONNECTED TO  
THE C.I.A., WHEN  
I BRING HIM  
DOWN, IT COULD  
**EMBARRASS**  
THEM.

YES, AND  
THEY **DO** SEEM  
LIKE AN ORGANIZA-  
TION THAT HOLDS  
A GRUDGE.

AND  
GIVEN THEIR  
INEXHAUSTIBLE  
RESOURCES, IT  
REALLY WOULD  
BE JUST A  
MATTER OF  
TIME...

HOPEFULLY  
IT WOULD ONLY BE  
THE **CAPED** PERSONA  
THAT'S NO LONGER  
VIABLE.



YOU  
**REALIZE**  
WHAT'S AT  
STAKE.

I DO.

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE **CAPE**,  
ALFRED...



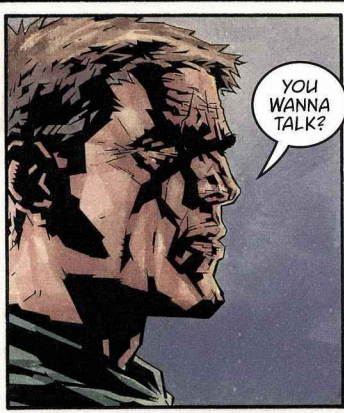
...HE  
WON'T BE  
INVOLV-  
ED.

I NEVER  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE **CAPE**,  
SIR.



I  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
**YOU**.





YOU  
WANNA  
TALK?



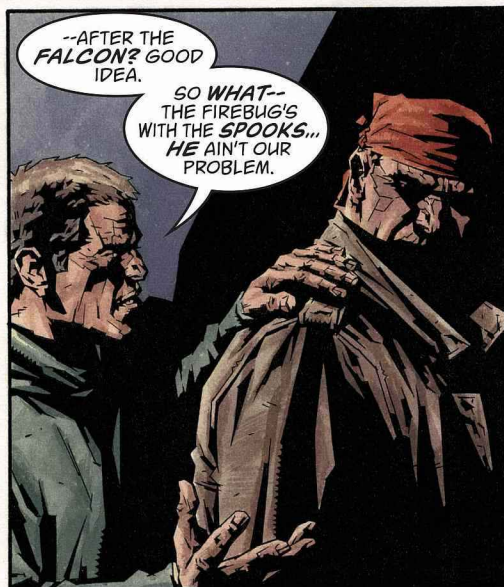
YOU  
SHOULD  
TOO.

AND  
YOU SHOULD  
GO--



YOU  
STILL  
CAN?

I  
ROLLED WITH  
THE PUNCH,  
MICHAEL.



--AFTER THE  
FALCON? GOOD  
IDEA.

SO WHAT--  
THE FIREBUG'S  
WITH THE *SPOOKS*...  
HE AIN'T OUR  
PROBLEM.




I JUST  
LEARNED FROM  
YOU THAT OUR  
PROBLEM IS  
ONE OF *US*!

AND WE  
TAKE CARE OF  
OUR OWN...






...BEFORE  
SOMEONE *ELSE*  
DOES.



LOOK, IF IT  
MAKES YOU ANY  
HAPPIER, THE FALCON  
KNEW THE RISKS. BUT  
WHEN PUSH CAME TO  
SHOVE, HE DIDN'T PLAY  
LIKE A *BIG BOY*. HE  
KNEW WE WERE  
COMIN' AFTER  
HIM--

--HELL,  
HE KNEW WE  
*HAD* TO!



RATHER  
THAN LETTING  
US PUT A NEAT  
TIDY BOW ON THIS  
AFFAIR, HE CHOSE  
TO MAKE IT DIFFI-  
CULT. *YOU* KNOW  
THE RULES OF  
THE GAME--

--SO  
YOU CAN'T  
TELL ME *YOU*  
WOULD HAVE  
DONE THE SAME,  
CAN'T YOU,  
MICHAEL?



MICHAEL?



NO, I  
WASN'T  
LISTENIN'.  
I WAS  
*THINK-  
ING*.

YOU  
HEARIN'  
ME?

ABOUT?





A DEAD  
HOSTAGE.



RIGHT.

WRONG.



WHAT  
WRONG?

ME.



FOR THE  
JOB.

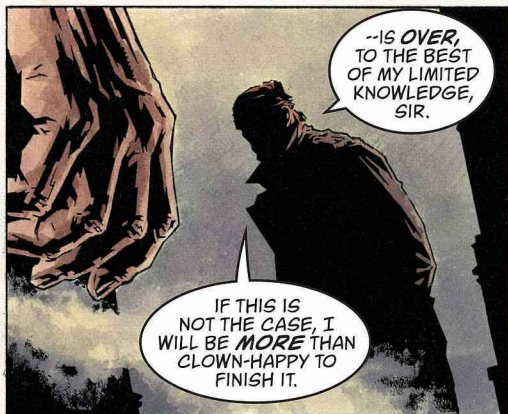
YOU  
CAN'T WALK  
AWAY.



DEATH-  
BLOW!

SCREW  
YOU.

YOUR  
MISSION--



--IS OVER,  
TO THE BEST  
OF MY LIMITED  
KNOWLEDGE,  
SIR.

IF THIS IS  
NOT THE CASE, I  
WILL BE *MORE* THAN  
CLOWN-HAPPY TO  
FINISH IT.



WHEN  
YOU LOCATE  
THE FALCON,  
LET ME  
KNOW...



"... 'TIL THEN  
LET ME **BE.**"

MAX?

MAX?

I'M SORRY,  
I WAS LOST IN  
THOUGHT.

ABOUT?

WHY I  
CAME **BACK** TO  
THIS...FILTHY,  
BEAUTIFUL  
CITY.

YOU  
HAD A  
JOB.

YES.

I'VE KEPT  
**MY** END OF THE  
BARGAIN, HOW 'BOUT  
YOURS?

FAIR  
ENOUGH. YOU  
**KNOW** WHAT  
I AM.

I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
SPECIAL.





"I'M AN ASSASSIN."



"MURDERING IS WHAT I'M  
PAID--WELL--TO DO."




"AND AFTER TEN YEARS OF  
SELLING MY... **TALENTS**  
TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU--



--LOW-MINDED  
INDIVIDUALS WHO FIND  
THEMSELVES IN **HIGH**  
**POSITIONS...**



...WHO  
REQUIRE SOME-  
ONE LIKE **ME** TO  
PROTECT THOSE  
PRECARIOUS  
PLACES--

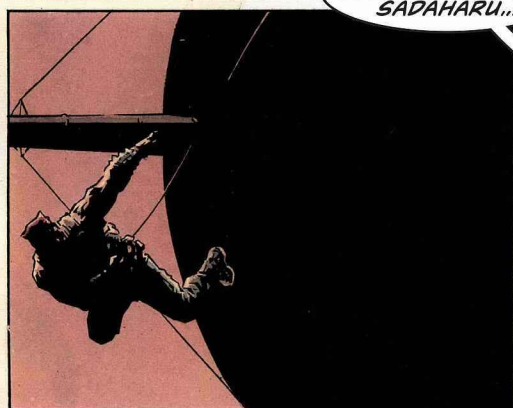


I'VE DECIDED  
TO **EXPOSE** WHOSE AERIE  
I'VE BEEN WORKING FROM  
ALL ALONG.



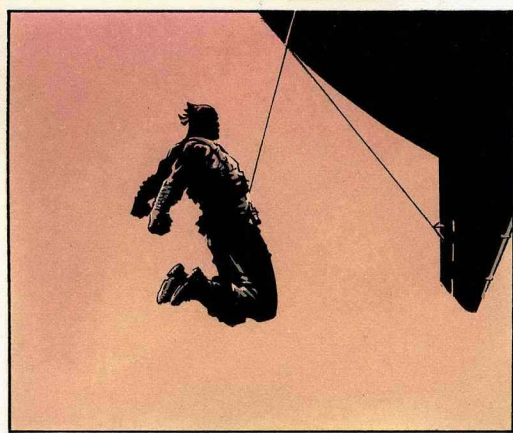


MY  
EMPLOYER IS SEIJUN  
SADAHARU...



...THE  
FALCON.

WHAT?!



...BUT  
HE'S--







--DEAD?





DEATHBLOW?!

ALIVE.



IT ENDS  
HERE.

FOR  
YOU. FOR ME,  
PERHAPS.



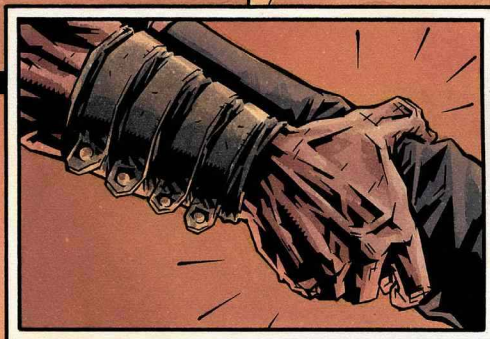
FOR ANOTHER...



WHAACK

...IT  
BEGINS  
AGAIN.









WHO, FANTE...



...IS MAX REFERRING TO?

PULL ME IN!



THE FALCON!  
MAX IS WORK-  
ING FOR THE FALCON!



BUT HE'S BEEN PRESUMED DEAD FOR YEARS.



SO...



...HAVE YOU.

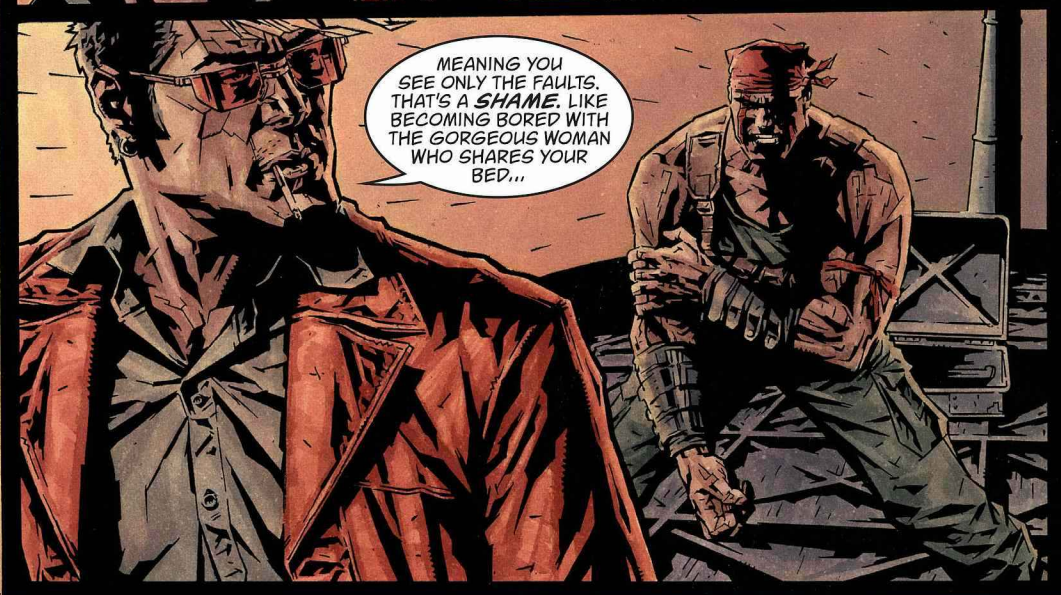




WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF  
THE VIEW?



I'M  
USED TO  
IT.



MEANING YOU  
SEE ONLY THE FAULTS.  
THAT'S A *SHAME*. LIKE  
BECOMING BORED WITH  
THE GORGEOUS WOMAN  
WHO SHARES YOUR  
BED...



...YOU'VE  
FORGOTTEN HOW  
*SPECTACULAR*  
IT IS.













FIRST  
BLOOD.



LAST  
CHANCE.

WHERE  
IS THE  
FALCON?



BEHIND  
YOU.

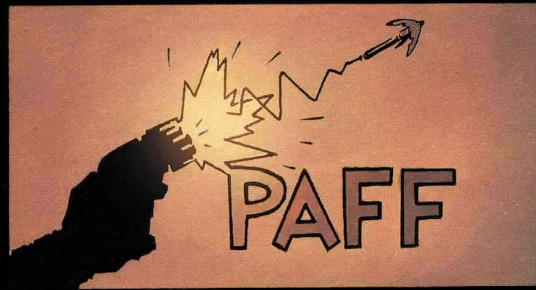
WUR WUR WUR WUR



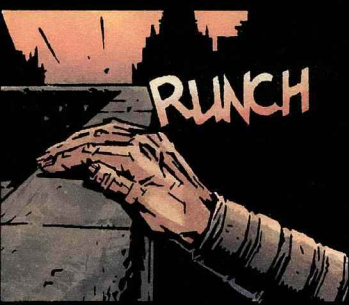
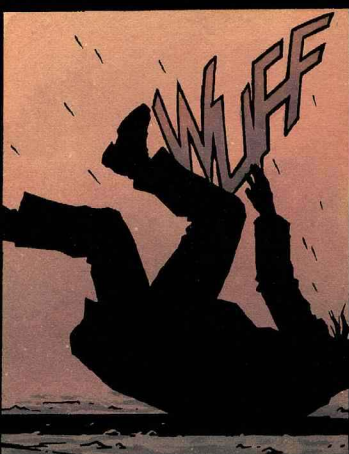




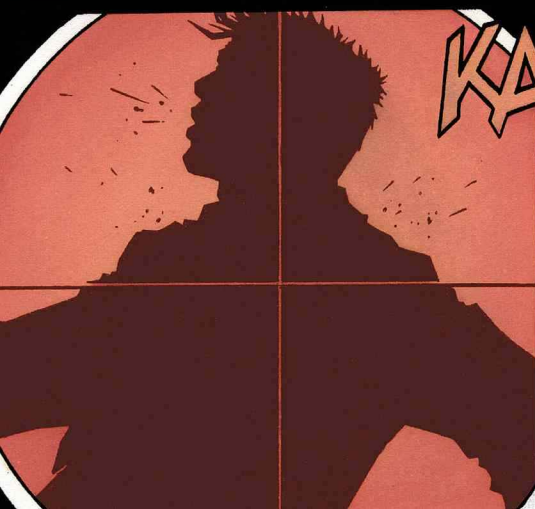
GET  
DOWN! IT'S THE  
C.I.A.--THEY'RE  
TRYING--







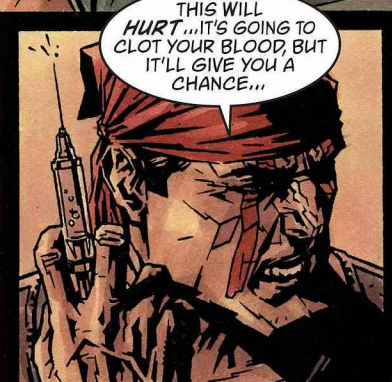








DAMMIT.



THIS WILL HURT...IT'S GOING TO CLOT YOUR BLOOD, BUT IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE...



SSSS  
SS



THEY MEANT TO KILL ME...

...I MUST MAKE SURE THEY DO.



I DON'T ACCEPT THAT.

BECAUSE... YOU'VE NEVER MET SOMEONE...



...WORTH DYING FOR.





THE  
FALCON.

A GREAT  
MAN. THE CHASE...  
IS ON TO FIND  
HIM.

THEN  
I'LL MEET HIM.  
YOU CAN **COUNT**  
ON IT.



I HOPE  
**YOU--AND WHO--**  
EVER YOU PRETEND  
TO BE--**ALONE**--  
UNDERSTAND."



"...THOUGH  
THE PREY IS A  
TROPHY LIKE NO  
OTHER..."



"...THE  
HUNT IS **NOT**  
WORTH YOUR  
TIME.







TEN YEARS AGO.



I  
MUST BE  
GOING.

YES,  
CHEN, YOU  
**MUST**. I KNOW  
YOU'RE A BUSY  
MAN. THANK YOU  
FOR THE PASS-  
PORTS.



WHAT  
HAPPENS NOW,  
SEIJUN?

WHAT  
HAS TO.

I DON'T  
AGREE. WE  
CAN--



--I CAN  
DO **NOTHING**.  
THE FALCON'S  
WINGS, AS IT  
WERE, ARE  
CLIPPED.

THOSE  
THAT I'M LOYAL  
TO BELIEVE ME A  
**TRAITOR**. THOSE  
THAT I WORK  
FOR...



...NO  
LONGER  
REQUIRE MY  
SERVICES.



THAT LEAVES  
ME WITHOUT A COUNTRY,  
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY,  
WITHOUT A **JOB**.

**YOU**,  
THOUGH, STILL  
HAVE **BOTH**.



AND  
YOU HAVE  
ME.



A man with long dark hair tied back, wearing a brown jacket and blue jeans, walks from left to right. In the background, a wooden table is covered with various firearms, including handguns and rifles. The setting appears to be an indoor space with wooden walls and a door in the background.

YES,  
A **HOSTAGE**, A  
**META-SOLDIER**, AN  
**ASSASSIN**.


ONE TO SOME,  
**ALL** TO ME. BUT DESPITE  
YOUR POWER, MAX, YOU  
ARE NOT ENOUGH.

TEN YEARS  
FROM NOW, WHO'S TO  
SAY, BUT THAT'S TEN  
YEARS **TOO LATE**  
FOR ME.

YOU DO  
WHAT YOU **MUST**  
DO, IT'S FOR THE BEST.  
MEN LIKE ME ARE MEANT  
TO BE **USED**, UNTIL WE  
ARE **USED UP**.

A close-up of a man with spiky blonde hair and glasses, wearing a light-colored shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth and looking slightly to the side.

YOU ARE  
ONE OF THE MOST  
**FEARED** MEN ON  
THE PLANET...

A silhouette of a man's head and shoulders, facing right. He is positioned in front of horizontal window blinds, which are partially open, allowing light to filter through.

...IN TEN YEARS  
EVERYONE WHO HAS **BETRAYED**  
US WILL BE FALLING OVER THEM-  
SELVES TO **FIND** YOU.

A close-up of the same man with spiky blonde hair and glasses, holding the cigarette. He is looking down at the cigarette.

THAT'S  
MY WORD.

A man in profile, facing left, holding a cigarette. He is wearing a dark jacket. The background shows horizontal blinds.

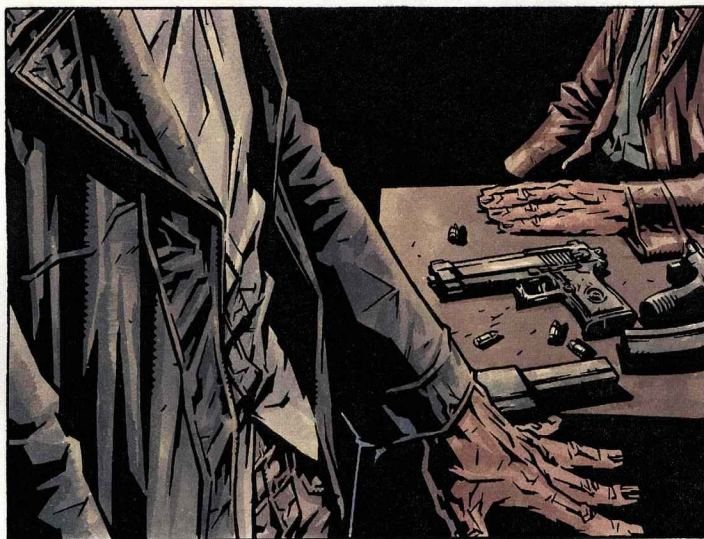
TEN YEARS  
IS PLENTY OF TIME  
TO FORGET.

THERE'S  
**CHEN**.

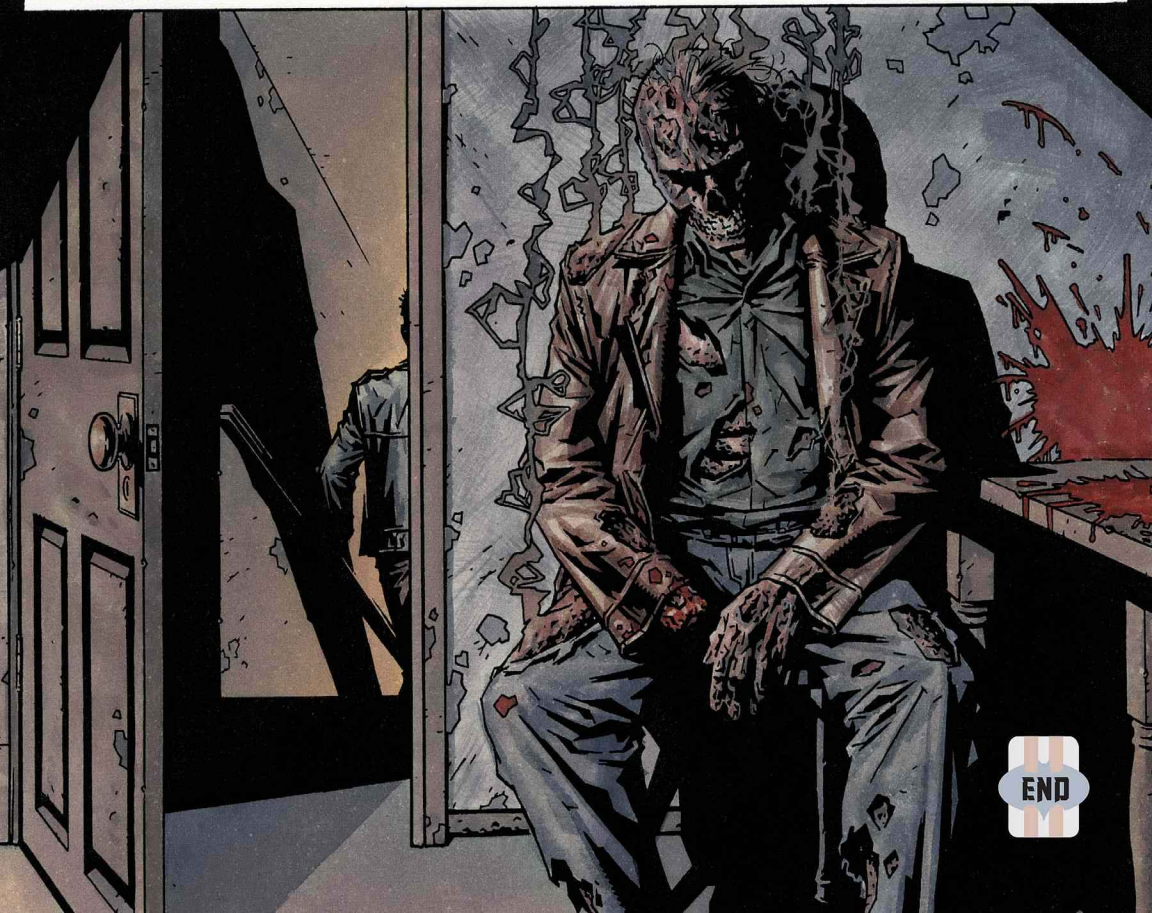
A close-up of a man with short dark hair and glasses, wearing a brown jacket. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

AND  
THERE'S THE **HIGH**  
**SIGN**.









END



